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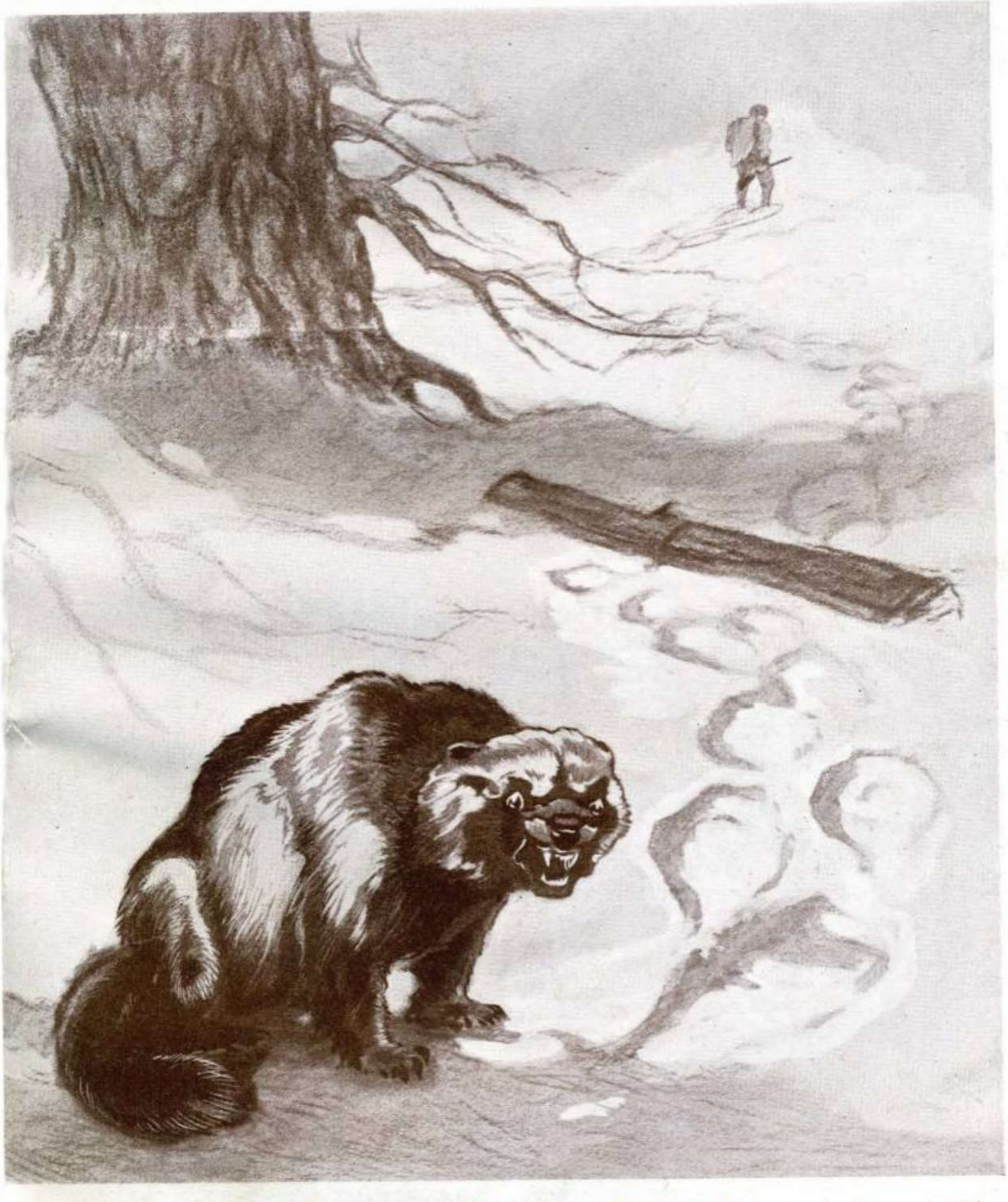


THE CARCAJOU—*"Trapper's Delight"* (See page 17)

LA VERENDRYE

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry.

LA VERENDRYE

Exploring in the Name of New France from Trois Rivieres to the Country of the Mandans

By PROF. D. C. HARVEY, University of Manitoba

FOR all of us who accept the maxim that the strength of a people lies in its history, there is little need to justify the search for truth in regard to our ancestors who broke a trail over the western prairies and located sites which later became the centres of thriving industry and stirring thought. These noble and patriotic men were not alone concerned with making money but were more anxious to make a great name for themselves and a great empire for their country; and we who have entered into their labours, who have inherited the wealth which they prospected for us, would do well not to forget that our greatest inheritance is their spirit of self-sacrifice—the wealth "safe garnered in the grave." It is perfectly fitting that a young nation just becoming conscious of itself should search its records to see what are its highest traditions, what seems to be its particular mission, who are the men who have created its ideals and given the peculiar direction to its upward march. If such a search be made, no name will be found more worthy of respect or of emulation than that of Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Verendrye, who dedicated his fortune, his sons and his life to the exploration of the Canadian West in the search for the western sea.

La Verendrye was born in Three Rivers, November 17, 1685, of ancestors distinguished in the Canadian service and in the fur trade. In youth his imagination was fed by stories of the voyageurs who traded in the upper country, of men who fought with or against the Indians and raided the New England colonies. He saw the departure and return of the canoes laden with merchandise and furs. He shared all the quietness and all the excitement of life in the third largest town of early Canada and while his character was thus gradually formed, his ambition was nourished for the great adventure of his later life. He commenced his career in the army, took part in the raid on New England in 1704, in another upon Newfoundland in 1705, joined the French army in Flanders is 1707, was wounded in nine places in the battle of Malplaquet and left for dead on the field. He recovered his life and gained a lieutenant's commission for his bravery, but as he was unable to support his rank, he returned to Canada as an ensign and from 1715 onwards tried to eke out a living in the fur trade at La Gabelle, a little post on the Three Rivers. In 1712 he had married and during the next five years his four sons were born—Jean Baptiste, Pierre, Francois and Louis Joseph—all four of whom later became associated with him in the great work which he was destined to accomplish. The next ten years of his life were uneventful, except that he gradually became possessed of the idea that he must discover the western sea which had been the goal of French explorers since the days of Cartier and Champlain.

In this worthy ambition, La Verendrye was much indebted to the dreams and the achievements of many pioneers, each of whom added something to the knowledge of Canadian geography as he found a new lake or river, but always fell short of the Pacific ocean. Cartier got well up the St. Lawrence to the La Chine rapids. Champlain went up the Ottawa to Lake Huron. Brule had reached Lake Huron by another route, but went on to Lake Superior. Nicolet discovered Lake Michigan, Green bay, and followed the Fox river to the watershed between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi systems. Radisson and Groseilliers portaged from the Fox river to the Wisconsin and went on to the Mississippi. Joliet, Marquette and La Salle gathered the accumulative knowledge necessary to prove that the Mississippi did not empty into the western sea. Hennepin went up the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony and Dulhut explored the region between the head waters of the Mississippi and Lake Superior. In a word, before La Verendrye was born the French knew comparatively well the geography of North America on the Atlantic side of that land which divides the waters flowing south to the Gulf of Mexico, east to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and north to Hudson Bay, but they were still haunted by dreams of an ever-receding salt sea which the Indians placed now here, now there, in the direction of the setting sun.

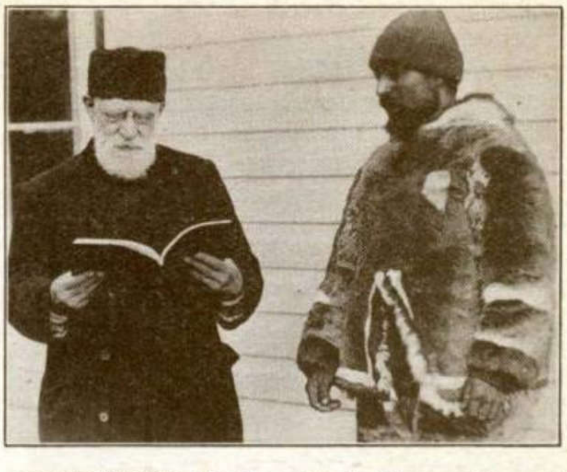
In 1688, when La Verendrye was but three years old, De Noyon ascended the Kaministiquia river and the chain of portages and streams which lead to Rainy lake. Here he heard alluring tales of fortified towns and villages and white men on horseback from Assiniboines who offered to lead him to them. But he does not seem to have gone beyond the Lake of the Woods, although he heard of a river flowing from that lake into the western sea. This river was later to prove to be the Winnipeg river and the sea merely Lake Winnipeg.

In November, 1716, Intendant Begon recommended that three posts be established in the upper country, one at Kaministiquia, one at Rainy lake, a third at Lake of the Woods, as a preliminiary to a more scientific search for the western sea. Accordingly in 1717 de la Noue was sent to establish the first post at Kaministiquia. He penetrated to Rainy lake but was compelled by strife between the Crees and the Sioux to abandon that region. Pachot, one of his assistants, mentions in 1722 a river later known as the Pigeon river, which was to become famous as the starting point of the Grand Portage route to the west. About 1720, Father Bobe urged the French government to hurry on the search for the western sea lest the French be forestalled by the Spaniards and the Russians. Of six possible routes which he suggested, he recommended particularly that starting westward from Kaministiquia. The French government commissioned Father Charlevoix to go to the western posts and collect all information he could in regard to the various routes. He embodied the results of his journey in a memoir dated 1723 and suggested two alternatives, the one to follow the Missouri to its source, which he hoped would be very near the western sea, the other to establish a mission among the Sioux with a view to proceeding on the information ultimately obtained from them. He favored the first proposal but the French government chose the second because it was less expensive. Accordingly, Fort Beauhaurnois was built at Pepin on the Mississippi in the Sioux country, November, 1727.

In 1727 also La Verendrye was sent by the governor of New France to take charge of the fur trade at Lake Nepigon, where the French had established a post to intercept the trade of the Indians with the English Company at Hudson Bay. His experience there taught him that this trade could be intercepted effectively only by establishing posts farther west. Here also he became convinced that Fort Beauharnois should be maintained at all costs as the means of promoting peace between the Assiniboines and the Sioux since their battleground was the lake and river highway through which he would have to travel on his western journey. In 1728 La Verendrye sent a memoir to Governor Beauharnois which contained what information was picked up at Nepigon from the Cree chiefs, Pacco, le Foye, le Petitjour Tacchigis, and above all a map prepared with the assistance of Ochakah, an Indian guide; and he asked the governor for financial support that he might explore the regions inhabited by the Crees and the Assiniboines. The Governor favored his scheme but the home government would not render any financial assistance, stating that a monopoly of trade with the western Indians should more than cover the cost of the expedition.

La Verendrye then was confronted at the outset of his great undertaking by the lack of faith and shortsightedness of the home government, the poverty of the governor of New France, the vague and misleading information of the Indians who often told the French what they seemed most eager to learn, by the mutual hostility of the Crees, Assiniboines and the Sioux, whose constant warfare not only endangered his life but made travel difficult and trade uncertain. At the same time his own lack of capital threw him on the mercy of the rival fur-traders in Montreal, who were more intent upon profits than upon discovery, worried him continually about returns and withheld goods at every crisis in his expedition, making it necessary for him to return to Montreal three times between 1731 and 1740 in order to pacify their greed and get the means to carry on. The delay of his explorations because of the sordidness of his partners in the fur trade gave personal rivals a chance to impugn his motives, to accuse him of seeking wealth rather than the western sea and finally to procure the cancelling of his monopoly and the interruption of his great work. But in spite of debt, lawsuit, calumny and limited success, he and his sons struggled on until they had discovered our western country from Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan to the Missouri and the foothills of the American Rockies.

On the eighth of June, 1731, La Verendrye left Montreal with about fifty men, including his three sons and his nephew, La Jemmeraye. At Michilimackinac he was joined by Father Mesaiger, S.J., and the party made Pigeon river towards the end of August. Here, owing partly to the terrors of the unknown and partly to the intrigues of rival traders, his men refused to go further, and he had to be content with sending volunteers under command of his nephew to establish a post at Rainy lake. They built Fort St. Pierre, about two miles east of the modern Fort Francis, in the autumn of 1731. Here both fishing and trade were good, and in the spring of 1732 the nephew was able to bring a valuable cargo of furs to Kaministiquia. Jean Baptiste went on to Michilimackinac to meet the canoes from Montreal, and La Verendrye, with the other sons, the nephew and the priest, went to Fort St. Pierre, which they reached July 14, 1732, being welcomed by a great crowd of Indians. After the distribution of the usual presents the party proceeded to Lake of the Woods and built Fort St. Charles on its western shore. (The site of this fort has been identified recently by a party under the direction of the late Archbishop of St. Boniface.) Here they were joined on Nov. 12, 1732, by Jean Baptiste, returned from Montreal. Here they all wintered, and in the spring La Jemmeraye went east with the canoes to make a report to Governor Beauharnois, being accompanied by the priest, who was in ill-health. La Verendrye was busy in the meantime trying to keep peace with the Indians, to supply food for his men and to work up trade with the tribes who had been in the habit of going to the English at Hudson Bay. He found the Crees and the Assiniboines in league against the Sioux and the Salteaux, and one or other of the allies always in search of scalps and revenge. The spring rains of 1733 had drowned out most of the wild oats on which he had relied to provision his fort, and while urging his men to supply the loss by extra fish and game he encouraged the Indians to sow maize and peas as a provision against future famine. Because of this he has been called "the first agriculturist of the west."



REVEREND Peck, who is the author of an Eskimo grammar, and one of his native adult students, at Port Burwell post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Labrador.

On Dec. 30th, 1733, he was visited by a party of Assiniboines and Crees from Lake Winnipeg, who brought a bundle of beaver skins and some buffalo fat and expressed a desire to form an alliance with the French. He gave them the best welcome he could, distributing powder, shot, tobacco and knives and promising to send a party of Frenchmen to trade with them every year. From these visitors he heard vague stories of mines and also of the Mandans, whom he was later to visit only to discover that they were not white men after all and knew nothing about the western sea. None the less his visit was important in that the Indians carried back a spirit of goodwill that did much to ensure his success when he finally ascended the Assiniboine and proceeded to the Mandans on the Missouri.

In January, 1734, he had to go to Fort St. Pierre to act as peacemaker to the Indians. He succeeded in delaying but not averting war, for in May a large party of warriors arrived at Fort Charles, told him that war was already declared and asked for his son to lead the party. For fear that the French would otherwise be accused of cowardice, he allowed his son to go, but as the Crees and Monsonis could not agree as to which tribe he should accompany, the boy later gave them both the slip and returned to Fort St. Charles.

On May 11th, 1734, two of his men who had accompanied the Crees to Lake Winnipeg in the preceding March returned to Fort St. Charles with a chief and eighteen natives, who advised building a fort at the mouth of the Red river where white oak was plentiful and a salt spring near by. The Cree chief also reported that the English governor at Fort York had sent a friendly message to the French assuring them that he was not sorry to see them entering the west. At this point La Verendrye had to go to Montreal to pacify his partners in the fur trade. At Kaministiquia he directed Cartier, one of his party, to proceed to Lake Winnipeg and build a fort near the mouth of the Red river. The latter commenced this fort in July, 1734, at the forks of the Roseau about six miles north of Selkirk.

(To be continued)

RUSSIA

First of a Series of Letters Dealing With Economic Situation in the Bolshevist Dominions

By S. HOPFENKOPF

Leipzig Correspondent for "The Beaver"

AMONGST the depreciating values of currencies of some of the European countries, the most disastrous decline is in the present Russian currency. According to private information received from different Russian cities, the exchange for £1 went as high as 1,400,000 roubles, whilst the official rate of exchange issued by the former Imperial Bank in Moscow some time ago was 840,000 roubles to £1, and 101,000 roubles to $1.00 North American.

Taking into consideration the rate of exchange, prices for commodities and other things seem very cheap, and nothing to compare with prices for the same commodities ruling now in England, Germany, France, or America. However, for the people themselves who live in Russia, except by the rouble itself, the present prices seem monstrously high to them, and in some cases even like a fairy tale.

For instance, for a box of matches thay are now paying in Moscow 1500 roubles (pre-war value £150, present value ½d). For a fathom of wood for heating, 800,000 roubles is being paid (pre-war value £80,000, present value a little less than £1). At the theatre, which is still open to the public, a good seat costs 120,000 roubles (pre-war value £12,000, present value 7/-).

In the big towns like Petrograd and Moscow there can be seen, side by side, the most acute cases of abject poverty, misery, hunger and disease, together with wanton luxury and hideously wilful waste.

The latest news I have received from Moscow informs me that on New Year's eve, in one of the best newly established restaurants, people were charged 4,000,000 roubles for a dinner.

The registered letters which I received two months ago from Moscow were stamped with two 1000-rouble stamps, and those which I have received since Christmas are stamped with ten 1000-rouble stamps.

However, my friends in Moscow write me that things there are getting better in this respect, that whereas at the beginning of the Bolshevists' rule there were issued daily from three to five decrees *prohibiting* something, nowadays they issue daily from five to ten decrees *allowing* something.

Salaries, which the Bolshevists paid to the more important employees in their service, are ranging from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 roubles per month. This sounds exceedingly high, but unfortunately it is not sufficient to support a family of five.

ROOKIES

Being the Reminiscences of an H.B.C. Fur Trader's Early Experiences in the Army

By A. B. CUMMING

I—Enlistment

THERE are those who on reading this article will say, "He must have had a miserable time of it in the army!" On the contrary, I had, all things considered, a fairly enjoyable time. That is why I write this: in the hope that those who were once "rookies" will look back and smile in recollection of the days when they first donned the king's uniform and became Pte. Thomas Atkins.

One fine summer day, after having severed my connection (temporarily, I hoped) with the H.B.C. fur trade, I arrived in a certain well-known city and presented myself at the orderly room of an artillery barracks, then situated in the city. After having been interviewed by the commanding officer (who, on this occasion, was most affable), the necessary formalities of enlistment were gone through with, followed by a visit to the medical officer, thence to the Quartermaster's stores, where I received my uniform and all the necessary paraphernalia that goes to make up a soldier's kit.

Now, in the army it is very rarely that one is issued clothes that fit, and this was no exception to the rule. It was necessary to take my uniform to a tailor, who, judging by the amount of chalk lines he made on my uniform, must have had sufficient cloth left over after cutting to make another tunic. This work, of course, had to be paid for; likewise my cap, shoulder and collar badges, lanyard, puttees (army puttees were never made to conform with the shape of one's leg), and a pair of nickel-plated spurs for dress occasions; so that by the time I had paid for all the extras and readjustments to my kit it had cost me about twenty dollars to become a soldier; but at that time, like many other young men, I was filled with a desire to serve my country, and twenty dollars (I wish I had them now!) was—well! just twenty dollars; but—who wouldn't be a soldier!

II—Early Days

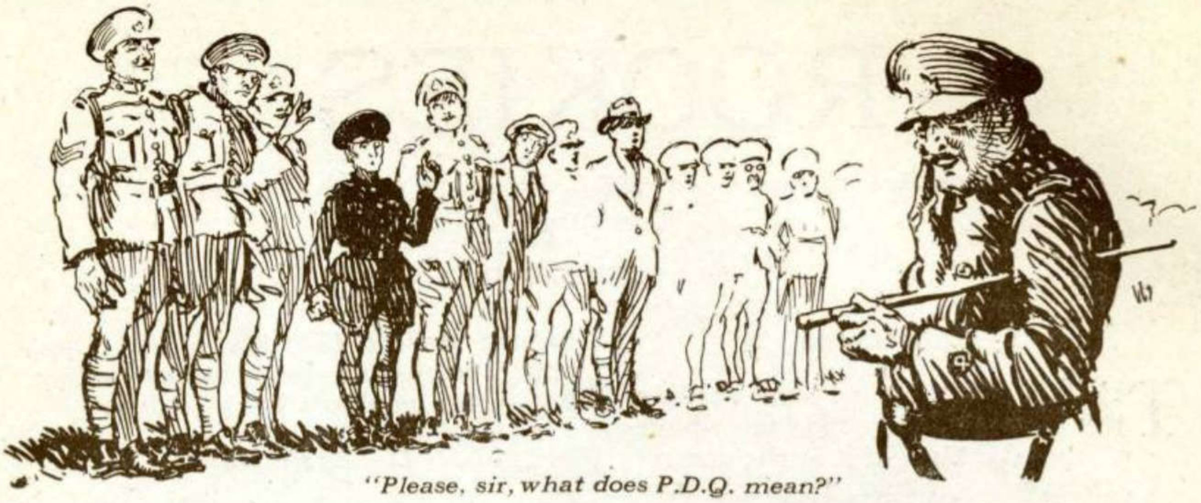
At the time of my enlistment we possessed neither horses nor guns, and were not more than thirty strong (officers and men) although recruits came in daily. I was given two days in which to make myself presentable for the parade-ground, when, amongst others like myself, I was taught my left foot from my right.

One of my earliest recollections is that of hearing the sergeant-major (in the stern voice all of that rank use on such occasions) telling us to remember that we belonged to the artillery, the right of the line and pride of the British army. (This was given out about three times per week for the benefit of new recruits.) "Remember," quoth the S.-M., "that the gun you serve is the 18-pounder Q.F. gun. Q.F. means 'quick-firing,' and that means every man has to move P.D.Q., and I'm going to see that you do it."

Thereupon the S.-M. looked fiercely at the ranks to see if his words had produced the desired effect.

It was on such an occasion as this when, the S.-M. having finished, a small lad, possessing an equally small and piping voice, said: "Please, sir, what does 'P.D.Q.' mean?" which remark caused much laughter. Even the S.-M. smiled and proceeded to tell him of the piping voice that P.D.Q. meant "Pretty damned quick"; and, having satisfied his enquirer, and any one else who may have been in doubt, double-marched us round the square for fifteen minutes, just by way, as he remarked, of giving one a little practice in the principles of P.D.Q.

During my first week in the army I had done barrack and kitchen fatigue, guard duty, and gained a slight knowl-



"Please, sir, what does P.D.Q. mean?"

edge (very slight) of gun drill, the gun used for this purpose being of an obsolete type, used in the Crimea or South African war.

About the commencement of my second week we were ordered for draft, twenty-five men being required, to proceed direct to England, thence to France. I was one of the twenty-five chosen for that draft, not through any marked ability I had shown as a soldier, but because our numbers were so small that I simply had no option, and so twenty-five of the battery were given "draft leave" of four days.

Wild and varied were the rumors as to our destination, and even the most conservative amongst us counted on being in action by winter.

That leave was spent writing farewell letters, paying farewell visits (during which one collected many useful presents, to say nothing about an abundance of good advice given *gratis*), returning finally to barracks to be informed that the draft had been cancelled, and that the following morning there would be parade as usual.

I think we were all more or less disappointed at the turn of events—and what would our friends think of us, who had been so lavish with their presents and advice, when next we met them? We were but pawns in the game, however, and consoled ourselves with the knowledge that some day our turn would come.

III—Horses

The battery was now about fifty strong, and it was decided that the time had arrived when we should be equipped with horses and guns; hence it was that one fine afternoon we paraded and marched to the stockyards, where we received about one hundred horses.

Now these horses came from different ranches in the West, where, it is my firm belief, they were allowed to roam at random from the time they were born until the day they became government stock.

I think we had expected to see nicely groomed horses (at least I did), but alas! these animals, I venture to say, had seen neither comb, brush nor clippers from the day they were foaled. Their manes and tails were long and shaggy and had anything but a military appearance.

These horses were unloaded from the cars two at a time. Each man stepped forward and received two horses.

One has often read of horses being intelligent and faithful animals; but this does not apply to all horses, any more than to human beings, and as far as these particular horses were concerned equine intelligence was sadly lacking. Had the animals of which I write been intelligent they would have observed that it was no collection of cowboys or rough-riders that waited to receive them, but an assembly of men the majority of whom had no "savvy" of horses, other than that they were used for divers purposes, such as livery, etc.

There is a similarity between horses and humans in that after having been cooped up in one position for a considerable time they like to exercise themselves; hence it befell when these horses reached *terra firma* there was almost a stampede of the animals.

The sergeant-major said the horses were "playful," but his idea of the word and that of the majority of us was vastly different.

The C.O. viewed things from afar, while his subalterns looked on and gave advice, which was entirely unasked and out of place at that particular moment.

Fortunately for me I received a pair of animals which, although not docile, were at least manageable; but I was taking no chances, and kept a tight hold of the rope. And so we started on our return journey, each man leading two horses.

We were about half way to barracks, and, excepting a few minor accidents, such as a man having his artificial teeth broken, others having their toes trod on, and some being kicked, we began to feel we had the situation well in hand.

Our route lay across one of the main thoroughfares. As already stated, these horses came straight from a ranch, therefore such things as street cars and automobiles were veritable monsters in the eyes of our charges. Confusion reigned.

In front of me marched a gunner who until a week prior to the event of which I write was a clerk in a real estate office, and knew a lot more concerning land values than horses. Moreover, he was of small stature, and had in charge a pair of fine big animals which (to use the sergeant-major's expression) were very "playful."

As a street car rumbled past this particular pair of steeds started to bolt, dragging the unfortunate gunner with them. He dared not let go.

The horses made for the sidewalk, where a small girl was passing with a basket of eggs and bottle of milk in her arms. She dropped both, and, screaming, took refuge in a doorway. A little further on were two fashionably dressed ladies emerging from a house. Seeing the horses galloping along the sidewalk, and the terrified look on the gunner's face, they hastily retreated from whence they came, shrieking, "Murder!"

People opened their windows, some shouting "Fire!" some "Murder!" others "Help!" Meanwhile the horses and unwilling gunner went on their way. They met their "Waterloo" when they went through a couple of large hot-beds, causing one of the horses to stumble, throwing the gunner off his feet (but luckily beside a tree). Quick to grasp the opportunity, he took a turn of the rope round the tree, thus holding his runaways.

When we came on the scene our comrade was sitting in the middle of a small group that had gathered round, his horses meanwhile calmly grazing on the lawn of the owner of the hot-beds. A policeman was standing by, notebook in hand, when the commanding officer said something about the military authorities, and the policeman said something about "damage to private property;" but the C.O. won out, and, after handing over the runaways to a more competent individual, we proceeded on our way, finally reaching the barracks with but a few more mishaps of a minor nature.

That night some were for deserting; others were going to ask for a transfer to the infantry; some were for shooting the man that had owned the horses; the rest for shooting the man that bought them; but—*who wouldn't be a soldier?*

IV—The Raid

It has been related how we got our horses, and now we had horses but no saddlery of any description, and no guns or gun wagons.

In the meantime the horses had to be exercised, while one of our number (an ex-cowboy) was given the task of "breaking-in" the more stubborn animals.

Exercising horses meant walking them round and round the parade ground; but this was tame work for soldiers, and uninteresting; which led someone to suggest that we should ride round, even though on bareback, and without reins or bit. By passing the halter-rope through the horse's mouth one could check him to a certain extent. So this plan was adopted, and resulted in one man breaking his collar-bone, one nearly breaking his neck, another his head, and the remainder could be seen limping about for a week after; but in the meantime we were getting the better of our unruly steeds, and even if we did have a few casualties it was unimportant when one considers the success of our labors.

Every day some horses were clipped, and more than half our time was now spent in stables, grooming; so that it was not long before our horses began to have a tailored appearance. One would never have recognized in them the same broncs we had received a week previous.

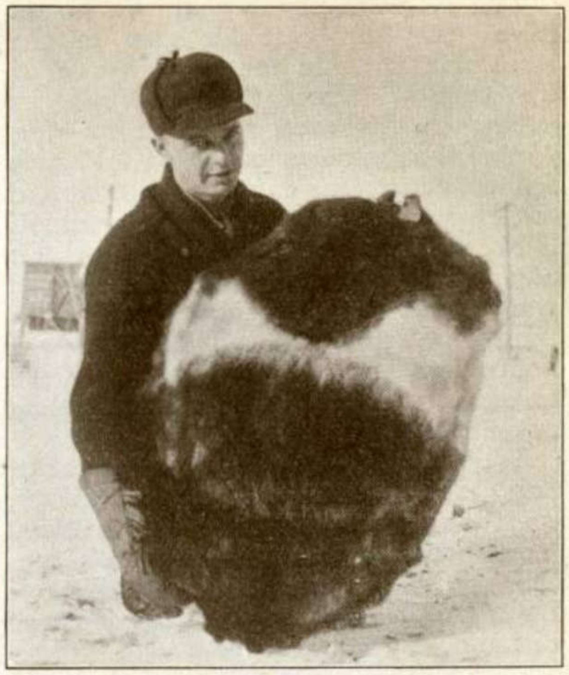
About this time there appeared in our midst one who was past the prime of life, bearing on his tunic the King and Queen's South African medal ribbons.

This individual took up his position one day in the stables and started in to make his presence known by ordering the men about smartly; and yet he possessed no mark of distinction (other than the ribbons aforesaid) that would place him in a position to give orders. We had our N.C.O.'s, from the sergeant-major downwards. Who, then, was this stranger, and from whence did he come? No one knew; and still he continued "laying down the law," and trying to instil a discipline that was resented by all. It was not long before the spirit of rebellion began to manifest itself.

There came a day when a deputation waited on the S.-M. to seek advice regarding the standing of the newcomer, but other than that he had been placed in charge of the horse-feed, the sergeant-major informed us, the newcomer's authority was nil. "But," he remarked, "if you fellows don't like him there is always a remedy." Then walking off he said smilingly, "Haven't we a fine watertrough?"

It is true, we possessed a goodly watertrough. It is also true that mention of this was made when the battery heard the result of the conference with the sergeant-major; so plans were made for a raid on the newcomer's room at 11 p.m. Our destination was the watertrough!

It was nearing the end of September and the nights were chilly, likewise the water in the trough. Some were for effecting a compromise with the newcomer, arguing that to be taken from a warm bed and dropped into ice-cold water with no other covering than a pyjama suit might bring about disastrous results. A vote was taken, and so great was the dislike for the newcomer that the majority decreed the watertrough; so the watertrough it had to be.



A Freak Beaver Caught at Long Lake Post

The next thing to do was to warn the guard for that night, who were to "hear nothing and see nothing."

The last stroke of eleven had just died away when we stole outside and made our way towards the newcomer's room. The passage leading to it was of narrow dimensions, consequently we could not all go in, but it did not require many to yank the individual from bed, so the foremost made a rush into the room (the newcomer was reading in bed at the time, when his light should have been out), and, throwing a sheet over the victim's head, he was lifted shoulder high and carried out into the night, with no chance to struggle or shout.

So far our plans had carried well, and there seemed every prospect of our victim entering the Order of the Bath. As the ground was always very wet around the trough, a considerable area was covered with cinders, so as to give a more firm footing and cleaner walking. This area had just been reached when a figure could be discerned coming in the opposite direction. It could only be one person, to wit, the orderly officer. We dropped the prisoner and beat a retreat.

I do not know, but I fancy it must have been equally uncomfortable to be dropped on those hard cinders as in the watertrough, certainly more painful. What the officer said when he found our victim is unknown, but five or ten minutes afterwards, when the O.O. came into the barracks room, accompanied by the corporal of the guard, every man was in bed apparently fast asleep.

Someone even ventured to snore, but this almost gave us away, because someone laughed. The officer said to the guard: "Are you sure there were no men out tonight, corporal?" "Quite sure, sir," answered the corporal.

"That's queer," remarked the officer, "because I could swear I saw some men beside the stables as I came along."

"Indeed," remarked the corporal, "that's strange, because I did not see them, sir." "That's not so strange," said the officer, "but perhaps you heard them, corporal?" "Can't say that I did, sir," answered the corporal. "Well, corporal, I'm afraid you are somewhat deaf. By the way, who is it that snores?" "That's J——, sir. He always snores." "I thought I heard someone laugh just now, corporal," said the O.O. "I did not hear it," answered the guard, "but it may possibly be S.——, sir; he has a habit of talking in his sleep, and sometimes laughs." "Ah! What an interesting place a barracks room is," remarked the O.O., and with that he took a stroll round the room, stopping now and then to listen for any suspicious movement.

"By the way, corporal," continued the orderly officer, "I notice all the men have their overcoats on their beds."

"Well, sir," remarked the corporal, "last night it was very cold, as you will remember, so tonight I heard the men decide that they would use their coats as a blanket."

"Ah, yes, to be sure," said the orderly officer. "And now, corporal, I think we will continue the rounds."

Five minutes later he who had snored remarked from out a heap of blankets:

"Say, fellows, what do you think of the corporal?" and a general chorus answered "*Why, he's all right!*"

The following morning all ranks had to parade, when the orderly officer for the day read an order on the subject of "Ragging." Such an offence would mean court-martial for those involved, but in view of the fact that last night was the first (and he hoped the last) offence of that nature, the C.O. would be lenient by confining to barracks (C.B.) the whole battery for three days.

However, we attained our end, although at a price; but it was worth it, and we had it on best authority that when the matter was reported to the commanding officer both he and his officers laughed heartily.

V—On Parade

At last the guns (obsolete), saddlery and harness arrived. Moreover we were now about one hundred strong, and it was considered that the barracks occupied were far too small to house artillery, with its guns, horses and men; so accordingly orders were issued that on the following day a full muster of all ranks would parade for the purpose of transferring the scene of operations to a certain large enclosure on the outskirts of the city.

We paraded at 1 p.m. sharp the following day, and marched to stables to harness up. When in the middle of this process I was called to the orderly room to answer the telephone.

This delayed me in the harnessing, so in order to appear on the parade ground on time I asked the assistance of a fellow-gunner, and he obliged me by harnessing up my riding horse while I harnessed the "off" horse.

For the uninitiated I would say that a gun team, for the particular gun we served, consisted of six horses. There are three drivers, each driver having two horses, one of which he rides, the other being controlled by a single rein which the driver holds in addition to those of the horse he rides.

Thinking all was well, I appeared on the parade ground with the rest of the unit and was standing by my horses (I was lead driver of my gun team) while the commanding officer proceeded to caution the battery, on this our first appearance in public as a unit.

He, the C.O., went on to say that he hoped we would carry ourselves as became real soldiers and that we would not disgrace the uniform we wore nor the regiment to which we belonged, etc.

I remember very well how straight I stood, my chest out till the buttons almost gave way on my tunic; and I at least resolved that come what might the C.O. would have no cause for alarm as far as I was concerned. I even felt like marching up and telling him so, so confident did I feel; but alas! we little know what the future holds in store for us.

On the command to mount, my foot was no sooner in the stirrup than, to my consternation, my saddle slid under the horse; whereon the C.O. swore, as all C.O.'s do on such occasions, following it up with a few very unkind remarks which were not at all justified while I tightened up and looked "daggers" at the gunner who had, so kindly, given his assistance, that individual meanwhile sitting on his own steed smiling at my embarrassment.

At last we were off, and all went moderately well, and it looked as if the C.O.'s remarks at the beginning were going to bear fruit, when we reached the centre of the city.

Passing a large departmental store I suddenly felt the pole of the gun limber pressing down on my leg-iron, which is worn for the express purpose of protecting one's leg from the pole.

In driving a gun team all the horses must be pulling evenly, thus keeping the traces tight and pole level. I have no hesitation in saying our pole was never level. If it was, it was by accident; and on the occasion of which I write it must have been at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and came to rest on top of my leg iron, driving the bottom of the iron into my ankle. I was almost faint with pain and expected my ankle to be broken any minute.

Much responsibility in keeping the pole level rests with the "wheel" driver, who in this case was a recruit of a week's service.

So great was the pain I was enduring that I turned in my saddle to remonstrate with the "wheel" driver on the subject of his driving, when a street car came past, clanging as it went, and, true to tradition, my horses reared and shied in a manner that almost unseated me, and, losing the rein of my "off" horse, it got out of control and swerved on the sidewalk.

The many spectators that had gathered on the curb of the sidewalk quickly cleared out of the way, and, being mostly women out shopping, there was considerable screaming and confusion, and had I not been fortunate in securing the rein I verily believe we would have gone through the store windows.

In the midst of the confusion the centre driver (a quiet, unassuming fellow, who prior to enlistment had been studying for the ministry) rose to the occasion by using his whip, thereby accidently hitting in the face a policeman who was endeavoring to discharge his duties in the protection of public life and property, but who, immediately on being hit, whipped out his notebook and desired the name and number of the centre driver on the charge of assault; but as our position at the time was not by any means comfortable, we did not wait to give the desired information.

The C.O. "blasted" us and condemned us to be shot (happily his threat was never carried out), but I verily believe he would have shot us on the spot had the law allowed, so great was his anger.

We started off, what appeared to be a well-organized parade, but on reaching our destination it was as individual units. The gun wagon that was last at the commencement arrived second or third on reaching our destination. Weary and lame I went and filled my mattress with straw and lay down on the first vacant spot I came to, wondering why it was I ever joined the army, but—*who wouldn't be a soldier?*

VI—Guard Duty and Promotion

For a while after our arrival at our new quarters chaos reigned, but for a very little while only.

At first a cavalry unit shared our quarters, but we did not agree. The cavalry thought that they should have preference in everything and we (the artillery) having been told we were the right of the line, pride of the British army, etc., three times a week, resented the superior airs assumed by the cavalry and, although our disputes were on the whole of a trifling nature, we were not sorry when the cavalry transferred their quarters to another part of the city.

Our numbers were now considerably increased; possibly our triumphal march, related in the preceding chapter, accounted for a considerable number of the recruits—who knows?

While on guard duty one night our corporal suddenly fell very ill and, being the senior soldier at the time, I was placed in charge of the guard. Now, also on guard was a very young boy who, eager to do his "bit," had given his age at 19, whereas it should have been 16 or 17.

Being in charge, it fell to me to accompany the orderly officer round the different sentries to see if they were at their posts.

The lad mentioned happened to be on duty behind the stables, which beat, even in the finest weather, was one to be shunned, but on this particular night it was extremely cold and the drifting snow did not make matters any more pleasant.

On arrival at the stables no one could be seen, and we went unchallenged.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the officer.

The "meaning" I knew (or thought I knew), but how was I to answer? Thinking that behind the official mask there beat a warm heart, I said that the man had perhaps gone into the stables to warm his hands or feet for a minute, or had possibly been called there by the stable guard, so it was decided to enter the stables.

Our stable was an exceedingly long building, and since the departure of the cavalry we only used the top end, the bottom half being partitioned off and used as a place for storing feed for the horses.

It was this latter end which we entered, and on opening the door the first thing we saw was our young gallant, curled up in a large bundle of loose hay fast asleep, his rifle leaning against the wall; but so far as the rifle is concerned it mattered little where it stood, because it wasn't loaded.

The O.O. looked at me and then at the sleeping figure before him, so I ventured to remark that it was a pity to wake him; but the O.O. said, "Wake him up." When he opened his eyes and saw the O.O. standing before him, all he could say was "Oh!" and quickly getting to his feet he adjusted his cap and saluted. The officer, with that precise military way of doing things, asked the boy his name and number, which in his case was somewhat unnecessary, as in civil life the two knew each other intimately. The sequel to this was a visit to the orderly room the next morning, and our young friend was brought before the C.O., the charge being "sleeping on guard duty." The C.O. looked at the boy before him and proceeded to tell him in no uncertain manner the gravity of the charge, adding that such a charge on active service was punishable by death.

"You ought to be shot, sir; do you hear me? Shot, sir! Fortunately for you active service does not commence until you are overseas. Six days C.B."

Two days later there appeared in Daily Orders: No. 12596. Gunner——— is promoted to the rank of bombardier.

My days as a "rookie" were over, and I was soon to leave the battery on a course of instruction; and, although the writer attained commissioned rank, many of the happiest days spent in the army were those as a "rookie."

Man-hauling and dog-sledding freight for H.B.C. on the Athabasca.

NORTHLAND NIGHT

Stark night is found in our far northland
Where silence lives and pine trees stand,
Where the work of God is clean.
Where the wolf pack cries to the mobile skies
And Aurora spreads her sheen.

Where creatures born of the solitudes
Unseen creep forth on scent for food—
To find, to slay, to ruin.
While a prevalent glow to the world below
Sheds down from a silver moon.

Here alone is grim night's just due given.
The trapper's ensconced in his fir-bough haven
On the verge of an ice-locked stream.
No man-made sound in the night is heard,
For the wood-gods reign supreme.

Here the glow of a city's powers
Cannot sully the long night hours,
God's lamps alone shine clear.
Free is the night 'neath the northern lights
For man is unknown here.

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA
District News

Mr. C. C. Sinclair, district manager, left Edmonton for Winnipeg on the 13th February to consult with the commissioner on important matters relating to the trade of district.

The first winter mail from Fort Simpson and more southerly points was delivered in Edmonton on the morning of the 13th February (two weeks late) and brought information to the effect that the old Company are as usual more than holding their own in the fur trade in the far north. Mr. John Melven, district inspector, who left Edmonton in November last for Fort Simpson, arrived safely at the latter place after his long and arduous trip with dog sleds from Fort McMurray, a distance of 850 miles.

Mr. P. H. Godsell, district inspector, was seriously ill at Fort Fitzgerald with typhoid fever, but latest reports are that he is now making a good recovery.

A most enjoyable game of curling took place in the Royal rink, Edmonton, on Saturday, the 11th February, between teams representing the district office and the wholesale. The former consisted of Messrs. Sinclair, Maclean, Warne and Captain Mills, skip, and the latter of Messrs. Lawson, Lang, Wylie and Yuill, skip. After an exciting and hard-fought battle the wholesale emerged victors by the narrow margin of one shot. The return game will take place soon when the D.O. representatives hope to turn the tables with compound interest.

Long Lake Post News

MR. COLE, of the C.N.W.M.P., paid us a visit on New Year's eve and stayed until after New Year. He arrested six Indians for procuring liquor off the trains and took them to Nepigon, where they were fined $18 each and released. Corporal Hate, also of the "mounties," paid us a visit some two weeks later but found everything quiet.

Captain Graham, of the C.N.R. police, and Messrs. Young and Finlayson, of the provincial police, also paid us a visit recently. They raided the section house, where they found some liquor in one of the men's bags, and then proceeded to Seagram (the next station east) where they found a Finlander trapper with a still. The sectionman and trapper were fined $300 each. No charge was laid against the section foreman.

A sad accident was reported here last month when the daughter of one of our Indian hunters, who was in to the post for supplies at the time, was found on the shore of the lake on which they are camped with a broken hip and other injuries. The spot at which they were camped is rather precipitous and it was thought that she slipped on the top whilst carrying up water from the lake. Dr. Carruthers, of Nepigon, went out to the camp twenty miles north of Hornepayne to attend to her injuries.

Mr. Eric Williams, of the Nepigon staff, has been assisting at Long Lake Post during last month.

Mrs. Taylor and son Walter have both been ill in bed, the former suffering from pleurisy and the latter from pneumonia.

"Joe" Lyons

(Hudson's Bay Medalist)

THE thoroughness that was inculcated in the Hudson's Bay apprentice clerk for the fur trade is typified in "Joe" Lyons, manager of the H.B.C. wholesale hardware department at Winnipeg.

Mr. Lyons is one of the few remaining "landmarks" in the long line of Orkneymen who upheld the standard of H.B.C. at so many strongholds of the northland during the times when old Fort Garry was functioning as the center of activity at Red river.

Last June Mr. Lyons completed his 45th year of unblemished service with the Company. In 1920 he received the H.B.C. gold medal with three bars from the hand of the governor himself in token of his long employment.

He was born in Orkney, November 18th, 1857, and came to Fort Garry in 1876, aged nineteen. He accompanied N.M.W.J. Mackenzie to Red river, and both began work on the same day.

Mr. Lyons served as carpenter for five years; he was a clerk for twenty years and stockkeeper for twelve—all at Fort Garry and Winnipeg. In 1913 he was made assistant manager of the wholesale hardware department and became manager in 1916.

Through his department firearms, trappers' supplies and all manner of hardware requirements of the far northern posts of H.B.C. are furnished. The men of the fur trade as well as merchants of Western Canada, therefore, have had occasion to admire the way in which Mr. Lyons' department is operated. His men say that efficiency is gospel with him.

Close acquaintanceship only emphasizes the forcefulness of the man and reveals a sense of humour and a penchant for progressiveness that is often sternly repressed by men of his blood and schooling. He can smile in a way that binds friends to him. He works as hard as he did twenty years ago and when the shipments are being trundled out fastest he is the busiest, happiest, most boyish member of the staff. His most strenuous sport is fishing for muskellunge, and it is common knowledge that no one can get the best of him at cribbage.

David Thompson Memorial

THE Hudson's Bay Company last year agreed to join with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and others in the erection of a suitable memorial to David Thompson, famous explorer of the region now known as British Columbia.

The monument, which is to be erected this year under the supervision of C.P.R. engineers, will take the form of a model H.B.C. fort (with the Company's crest over the gateway) and is to be located on a beautiful promontory jutting out into Lake Windermere on the Banff-Windermere motor road.

This site is on the spot where David Thompson spent his first winter and erected a small trading post at the headwaters of the Columbia river (1807).

Logs were taken out in the fall of 1921 and the building will be proceeded with in the early spring. Construction will be of logs, stone and concrete—good for one hundred years.

David Thompson commenced his career in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Churchill in 1773, where he was employed under Samuel Hearne, the discoverer and explorer of the Coppermine river.

Mr. Thompson left the service of the Company in 1796, as it was considered he gave too much time to astronomical observations to the detriment of his duties in the fur trade.

He entered the service of the Northwest Company and was employed in making surveys in the districts about their posts. His surveys included the North and South Saskatchewan rivers, the Bow, Churchill, Athabasca, Peace, Clearwater and Beaver rivers, Lake Athabasca, Lesser Slave lake, LaBiche and Winnipeg lakes, Mississippi river, which he traced from its mouth to its source.

He was fully occupied in survey work for a period of twenty-seven years, and his map of Northwestern Canada was the standard work for over three-quarters of a century and some parts of it have not been superseded even yet.

Published Monthly by the Hudson's Bay Company for Their Employees Throughout the Service

PRO PELLE CUTEM

The Beaver

"A Journal of Progress"

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Vol. II MARCH, 1922 No. 6

How It Is Done

YOU pick up a copy of *The Beaver* and you read it through in anywhere from twenty minutes to an hour.

Perhaps you have sometimes wondered just how a magazine like this is put together and the various processes it undergoes before it reaches you.

At the outset, a magazine must have a real purpose and must successfully serve that purpose if it is to continue as a "live" publication. The purpose having been discovered, a policy for conducting the magazine must be formulated. Then the policy must be adhered to, with such changes from time to time as conditions warrant.

Then comes the selection of an editor and his staff. Now almost anyone can be an editor, but a great deal of care must be used in the selection of associate editors and the reportorial staff, for they do the real work. The chief editor is responsible for what they do. So you can see he has a pretty soft time of it!

In the case of *The Beaver,* the editor has thirty-five associate editors, only one of whom is in the same office with him. The others are at branches and fur trade posts from Leipsig, Germany, to Victoria, British Columbia, and from New York to the Western Arctic Ocean.

Each associate editor has a group of reporters who supply him material in all sorts of shapes, written on scraps of paper, some in pencil, some in ink and sometimes—thank heaven—neatly typewritten. The associate editors wade through all this material, eliminate the impossible, have the residue typewritten, approved by officials in charge of departments and send it to the editor.

The editor goes carefully over all matter submitted.

He "de-capitalizes" on an average of six hundred words per issue—words which are not proper names and do not begin a sentence, therefore need no capital. He changes on an average of two hundred participles to verbs per issue in order to shorten sentences and clarify meanings. He re-writes some articles to get them down to the space justified by their relative importance and mercilessly (?) slashes other items which take too long to tell a story. He deletes largely such personal "shouts" from one of the staff to another as: "Oh you, Johnny. Better luck next time," and "We wish them all the happiness in the world," for the sake of the dignity of our journal and on the theory that the straight-from-the-shoulder, succint *news* is enough to print. (Congratulations and good wishes may be connoted, read between the lines, expressed in the person or granted as understood).

The editor now decides as to the number and size of the illustrations which accompany the articles, marks up all "copy" with complete instructions to the printers and engravers regarding sizes of type, captions for articles, fineness of the mesh screen for half-tones, colors of ink, grade of paper, number of pages and "forms."

Every issue of *The Beaver* is printed from brand new type which is melted up after publication. Fresh type every issue is made possible by a machine called the Monotype, which is operated by a keyboard and moulds from hot metal each individual letter in every word.

The printers set up the editor's copy in column widths of 15 pica-ems measure (2½ inches) and furnish "galley" proofs in strips nearly a yard long. Proofs are read and compared with original copy. Any errors in set-up made by the Monotype operators are corrected. Then the editor begins to make up the magazine by pasting proofs in a "dummy" as a guide for the "stone man" in the print shop. And sometimes he has a "merry" (?) time getting things to come out even. Frequently whole columns of matter must be omitted or an article is "put on the shelf" because it is too long or too short to fill the space planned for it.

When all the pages of an issue have been made up and corrected for spacing, style, etc., the type is locked in "forms."

This issue was printed in four "forms;" the cover comprises one form of four pages and goes through the press twice (for two colors). Then there are two "forms" of sixteen pages each, printed on one big sheet of paper and one "form" of eight pages.

The large sheets are then folded by machinery, the edges are cut, the different "forms" are combined and stapled together, trimmed again by a two-ton paper cutter, sorted, wrapped and mailed.

Just about that time the editor and his associates emit a big "whoosh" of relief.

You may have an alert editor, an excellent printer and engraver, but much of the success of a magazine like *The Beaver* depends upon the associate editors and their reporters. They furnish the "makings" of the magazine. (We hope we will be pardoned for suggesting that associate editors and reporters read this last paragraph again).

THE CARCAJOU

THE VANDAL of the North is portrayed in our front cover this month. Variously called the Carcajou, Wolverine or Glutton, he follows up trap-lines, steals or mangles the fur, smashes traps, breaks open caches, mischievously concealing things that are of no use to him.

He is about the size of a small bear but with a long body set on short legs. The Indians say this marauder is possessed of a human soul gone wrong, so ingenious are his depredations.

Tracing History of Man by Lamps

THE progress of man is exemplified in his discovery and use of fire and in the development of illumination.

Fire was all about prehistoric man; in the volcanoes, the lightning, and in the friction of the tree branches.

Eventually some one man more intelligent than the rest and recognizing the power of fire undertook to conserve a supply of it from one of these sources and distribute it with firebrands throughout the land.

Thus began the campfire age.

As man's ingenuity developed he tried dipping sticks in resin and after that some early inventor discovered that by putting a lot of fat in a hollow stone, a sea-shell or animal's skull and placing a wick in it he had a device which would burn for a long time.

Relics of the stone age show many lamps made of stone dishes. The use of fire resulted in man's development of pottery.

Then came copper and bronze lamps in crude form, which were used for ages.

It was not until about 1784 that the lamp as we know it today, with a chimney of glass, made its appearance. Following this invention came the discovery of kerosene and gas. New fixtures were developed along new lines. The welsbach burner marked a big step in the progress of illumination.

With electricity came first the carbon and then the tungsten filament.

In nothing perhaps is the growth of civilization so evident as in the history of illumination. After all, the race is very young. Our grandmothers used the same sort of lamp with very little difference that was used in the days of the pyramids.

The greatest progress has been made in the last thirty years. Who knows what another thirty years may bring forth! The tungsten filament and the illuminative engineering triumphs of today may yet look medieval.

* * *

THE offices at present occupied by the H.B.C. Stores administration in the Electric Railway Chambers, Winnipeg, are inconvenient in arrangement and it has been decided to construct new offices in the Winnipeg Wholesale building by April 1st.

A Little Child Led Them

How a Girl of Ten Handled a Team of Husky Dogs in the Yukon

By T. M. BONE

WHEN the big Gold Rush was at its height in the Yukon one of the first gold commissioners was a very dignified gentleman from Ottawa, who had brought with him his wife and two little girls, about ten and twelve years old respectively. The mother was a French lady and the children were very fluent French speakers.

The children had a fine dog team and sleigh with a man to look after them. One day a miner had been down to Dawson for supplies, and on his way up the trail came on this team and the two little girls pretty badly mixed up. They had left home without their driver, and discovering that there was no one in authority, the dogs had simply been skylarking. The result was that they were all snarled up in the harness. Those that were not fightin were loafing. With a little application of the leather he got them straightened out and set down the trail to see how they were getting on and, on rounding the first turn, he came on them stopped again.

All the dogs were lying down and the elder of the two girls was talking to them in her very best and most polite French: "*Marche! Marche! bon chien, Marche mes cheries.*" But the dogs paid no attention. Then the younger child, who had been all curled up in her robes, got out, took the whip from her sister, bade her get in, and cried out, "Just let me talk to them as Shorty does. I'll make them behave." And this with many more embellishments is what she said: "Mush, you yellow curs; mush, you dirty-livered hounds. Take that, you——What the ——" etc., etc.

With a few sharp yaps, and a howl from the leader there was nothing but a streak of good dogs for home.

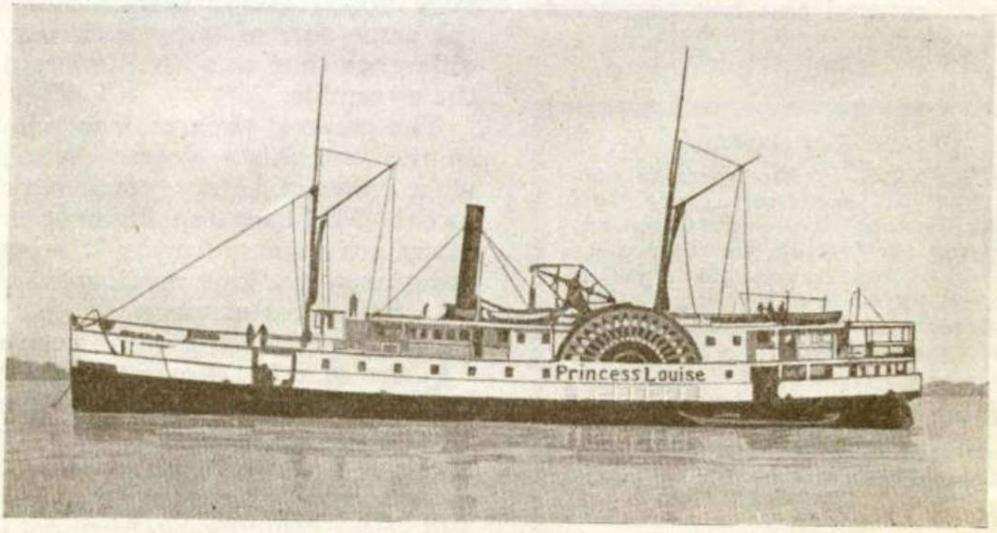
First Ss. "Princess Louise"

Served H. B. C. and Then Canadian Pacific on West Coast

THE first Ss., *Princess Louise*, for British Columbia Coast service was built at New York in 1869. Her hull was of seasoned white oak, and she was propelled by side wheels, with the beam engine. Her dimensions were: Length, 180 feet 10 inches; beam, 30 feet; depth of hold, 12½ feet.

She made her first trip from Olympia to Victoria December 7th, 1869. In 1879 the ship was sold to the Hudson's Bay Company and registered at London, Eng. In 1883 she was transferred to the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, and in 1901 went into C.P.R. hands.

During the time she was operated by the Hudson's Bay Company she ran to its various posts as far north as Port Simpson, and under C.P.R. management she was operated occasionally on the northern run, but chiefly in local waters, calling at Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Nanaimo, and some other island ports.



The old Ss. "Princess Louise"; once carried cargo for H. B. C.

VANCOUVER

Buyers' Movements

Mr. S. D. Wilson, shoe buyer, has returned from the east after having visited the retailers' shoe convention in Chicago.

Mr. W. R. Boyle, buyer of suits, dresses, coats and furs, has also returned but won't give an account of the places he visited 'way down east.

Miss Green is enjoying below-zero weather in New York selecting dainty confections for the spring season.

Mr. W. L. McLaughlin has gone in search of silks and dress goods. Trust this wee Scot to get the best values procurable.

Mr. E. Nicholson is seeing things in Toronto and Montreal, but hasn't yet been able to find a manufacturer ready to give him all-wool blankets and household staples at take-away prices.

Mr. B. M. Clarke has gone to look over ribbons, gloves and women's hose, a terrible undertaking for a young man enjoying so many likeable qualities.

Mr. G. Crump, buyer for kitchen furnishings and ranges, has left for the old country and Europe.

Mr. W. H. Sharpe, buyer for carpets and draperies, is also going to Europe on a purchasing trip. Some say it's to act as a chaperon for Mr. Crump, but that's not the belief of the sub-editor.

Other buyers in the east are Mr. Dale, of the men's furnishings, and Miss A. K. Smith, of the notions and neckwear section.

Miss Myrtle Jones has been transferred from the crockery department to the general office.

Get acquainted with Mr. G.R.Hearns. He's one of the staff now, and a good fellow to know. He's filling the position of manager of the sporting goods section, made vacant on the retirement of Mr. L. Keele. Mr. Hearns has been connected with the sporting goods business in B.C. for nearly a decade, and for five years was out-door salesman for McLennan, McFeely Ltd. of this city. He is an all-round athlete, and in 1912 was selected to represent America at the Olympic games. An accident prevented him from going.

Mrs. Hadfield

IT was with real regret that the staff of the mail order department and her fellow associates said good-bye to Mrs. Hadfield, who left the Company on January 28th to join her father in a poultry raising venture at Robert's Creek. Mrs. Hadfield was one of those kind-hearted, loyal employees whose absence is always felt.

Before she left she was the recipient of a handsome travelling rug and a beautiful case of silver as a token of the esteem in which she was held by her colleagues and friends.

Mrs. Whitelock Surprised

A VERY enjoyable time was spent at the home of Mrs. Whitelock when a party of girls from the ready-to-wear department bounced in as a surprise.

A jolly crowd were they, all tuned up to a musical pitch, which resulted in giving an exhibition of the new dance, "The Scottish Tickle Toe," introduced by Miss Andrew and Miss Crawford.

Vocal selections and fortune telling were the outstanding features of the evening.

A dainty buffet supper was served shortly before midnight. Then a Romeo appeared on the scene for his Juliet, found a bevy of beautiful girls, and kindly delivered them all to their respective homes.

The climate boosters have put their foot on the soft pedal since "Jack Frost" has been playing an active part in the fair city during the last few weeks, the result causing many falls. One of the unfortunate victims was Mrs. Whitelock, who suffered from dislocation of the spine, but we are glad to say she has now completely recovered.

Old-Time Bookkeeping

By S. W. S.

Scene—H.B. Post, outside. Time—Fiesta Dia

Pre-Prohibition Days

Usual crowd of rancheros *et al* ridden into the post for horse races, etc. Usual visits to little store "cellars." A little business done here and there. Everyone feeling cheerful.

The H.B.C. staff looking void with bored air in the store. Suddenly the chief ejaculates, "Blankety, blankety, blank! How many saddles did we have up here in January?"

"Twenty-two. Sold one yesterday."

"Who bought it?"

"D—— if I know; I forgot to charge it. Oh, let's see, Jinx, who were in here yesterday? Oh, A., B., C., D., *et al.*"

"Well, charge a saddle up to each of them—about twenty of 'em. One of 'em is sure to pay."

Later, end of the month, accounts sent out and saddle charged. Later still: "Oh, Jinx, anybody paid for the saddle yet?"

Chief—"Oh, yes, that's all right; I charged it up to twenty-six of the boys who I remembered were in, and seven of them have paid for it."

Architects Busy

EVERYTHING is a secret yet—that's the reason everybody knows what's happening on the top floor of the old building, and no one says the same thing. But if those people who visited this section of the store twenty-four years ago, when the ceiling was not lathed or plastered and the weather side of the building was used as a storeroom for snowshoes, sleighs, and other Klondyke accessories, could only see it now, as dreamers think it will look with its new departments, they'd think they were born anew.

This part of the store is coming into its own, and will prove its worth in manifold returns. It will be a big improvement, too.

Ambulance Class for Vancouver?

By W. S. ROBERTSON

IT is encouraging to note the good progress made by the ambulance class in Winnipeg wholesale, and it would be a fine thing if an ambulance class could be started in the store here.

A more beneficial and interesting study could not be taken up. First aid to the injured is a work of mercy and the satisfaction of being able to render service in the case of accident or sudden illness makes it a study well worth taking up.

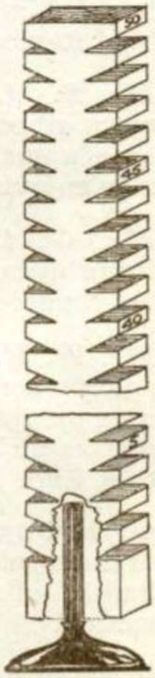
Many of us reside in districts where it is at times most difficult to obtain immediate medical attention in case of accident, say, to children from recklessly driven motor cars.

Efficiency Stunts

From the Vancouver Display Department

By EDWIN BELL

I—A Card Drying Rack



IN a store where two hundred cards or more are used each day, this rack will be found a great convenience.

When we start writing cards we place them in the rack from the bottom up, leaving the prices until all cards are written. If the slots are numbered it is easy to make any number of cards called for without having to count them—the rack will count them for you. The rack is made to turn so that both sides can be used.

In making the rack, take a good straight piece of 2x4 and lay the whole design out. Use a sharp saw, and be sure you get each square and true.

We used for the base an old iron fixture, the upright tube of this being let into the 2x4 so that the rack may be turned easily.

The completed "stunt" holds 100 cards—50 on each side—and will well repay for the trouble of making.

H.B.A.A. Officers

FOLLOWING is the list of officers of the Hudson's Bay Employees' Association, Vancouver, for 1922:

Honorary President, Jas. Thomson; Honorary Vice-Presidents, J. M. Gibson, J. S. Braidwood; President, H. T. Lockyer; Vice-Presidents, A. J. Watson, J. W. Adams; Secretary, L. Little; Treasurer, B. Anderson.

Committee

Miss L. Andrews
Mrs. N. F. Desmond
Miss G. McDonald
Miss B. Blake
Miss G. McFarland
Miss G. Morley
Mr. H. P. Grant
Mr. F. Herbert
Mr. D. Dale
Mr. W. Almas
Mr. E. Elcock
Mr. D. W. Winslow

Chairman Sports Committee, G. R. Hearns; Chairman Social Committee, H. R. P. Gant.

Sports

AT the first meeting of the sports committee held February 17th it was decided to compete in the following sports for 1922: Tennis, girls' baseball, baseball, lawn bowling and track sports.

The following will have charge of the different branches of sports, and those who desire to enter, and all who wish for the success of any branch of sport, will kindly get in touch at once with those in charge:

Tennis, Miss Engleman, P. Timmins; girls' baseball, Miss Fairhurst, G. R. Hearns; baseball, H. Stedham, R. H. Leaney; track sports, S. Williams; lawn bowling, Mr. Rudston.

CALGARY

THE many friends of Mr. C. C. Packman will be sorry to learn that owing to the state of his wife's health he has been obliged to leave the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and take up his residence in B.C. Mr. Packman has been in the service for eight years. Prior to coming to Calgary store about two years ago as assistant to the merchandise manager, he was accountant at the Nelson store.

Miss E. Seaman, who for the past year has been in the general manager's office as stenographer, has now assumed the duties of secretary to Mr. Sparling.

Now that stocktaking is over some of the married men from the accountant's office will be able to spend a few evenings at home. It is said that one little girl hadn't seen her daddy for so long that, when she did see him, she asked her mamma who the man was that came to their home to sleep nights!

It seems rather late to talk about Christmas gifts, but we were all so delighted with our own that we forgot to mention Mr. Walsh's wonderful gift—a baby girl, Mona Gabrielle, born December 16th, 1921.

Miss Edith Frances, of the credit office staff, has returned to business after an absence of three weeks, during which time she had an operation on her foot.

The lady department managers entertained Miss N. McEwan at tea in the Palliser hotel and a theatre party in the evening, Wednesday, February 1st.

The second floor feels quite proud of itself, having had one of its clerks selected (by ballot) from the entire staff to represent the store at the forthcoming Kiwanis club carnival competition. It is hoped that Miss Wadlow will carry off the first prize and so become the "Queen of the Carnival."

Has anybody here seen Kelly! was heard on the main floor a few weeks ago. Miss Kelly has been transferred to the second floor to the whitewear department, where she is already making her mark.

Mrs. Little has been transferred from the ladies' underwear department to the grocery.

Who was the buyer who when on his Eastern trip the waiter handed him the menu absentmindedly signed his name on it, under the impression it was inter-store correspondence.

Sam says "you can't beat 'em when they never say die"!

Mr. McGuire is curling, too. Yes, we'll say he is! His wife says if you ever want the superintendent just call the curling rink. If he isn't there you may probably find him at his desk—but try the rink first!

Charlie Sherman: "Curl to reduce." Bill Hammond: "Go home when you can't curl."

Jim Bodel postponed his trip East just to have a chance at the McKellar rink!

Julie was sweeping her opponent's last shot out of the house on a close end when Miss Oliver thanked her and told her "that would do."

Moments of glee—one of the ladies riding the shoots on one of the stones.

Miss McLaughlin says she is missing five pounds since the first game. That statement will get a lot of the ladies out to curl and it might also keep a few of the thinner ones away.

Miss Miller, the Annie of Julie's rink, says she always thought the fair sex knew all about a broom until she saw the sweeping movements of some of the male curlers.

Seven Buying Impulses

—in connection with Shoes

The instinct of *Comfort,* which demands ease and avoids pain.

The instinct of *Beauty,* which demands shoes for style, to satisfy the artistic.

The instinct of *Pleasure,* which demands shoes for play or recreation.

The instinct of *Fear,* which demands shoes to prevent or correct foot defects.

The instinct of *Saving* or *Economy,* which demands shoes that wear long.

The instinct of *Imitation,* which demands shoes that you admire on some other person.

The instinct of *Self-Protection,* which demands shoes that keep your feet from the elements, such as snow, water and heat.

Curling

By LOU DOLL

"THE best curling season we ever had," is the way H.B.C. men at Calgary speak about our weekly competitions.

Twelve rinks entered, twelve games a week, and every game a contest from the word go. Six rounds have been played and the rink under skip Sam McKellar has yet to meet with defeat. The next three rinks under skips Spalding, Hyatt and Binnie are all playing well, having had four wins and but one defeat.

Fletcher Sparling is right out with the boys for every week's play and up to the present he has been handed three set-backs and has been successful in winning two encounters.

Following is the standing of the rinks at the time of going to press: McKellar, 5; Spalding, 4; Hyatt, 4; Binnie, 4; Sparling, 2; Edmison, 2; Black, 2; Smith, 2; Shapter, 2; Hutchinson, 1; Cunningham, 1; Cleary, 1.

We must not forget to mention Mr. R. W. Mason as being the head of the local curling club. Good old Ralph started the roarin' game this year and he is following it right along with the kind of interest that makes anything a winner. No sport was ever started in the local store that held the same interest that curling holds.

Ladies' Curling

THE Ladies Curling club—(yes, the fair sex are in the game, too) can boast of only two rinks as yet. We are sure of many more before the season ends.

The two rinks which made a start are as follows:

Miss Julia McColl (skip), Miss McLaughlin, Miss E. Wadlow and Miss A. Miller.
Miss Irma Oliver (skip), Miss B. Humphries, Miss M. Pryke, and Miss B. Gardiner.

To date the McColl rink has won the first two games, but the only reason we can give for this is because Julie, the winning skip, is the daughter of a curling wonder at one of the Calgary rinks.

This Masquerade "Took the Cake"

By LOU DOLL

"ONE grand success" was our annual masquerade ball at the Isis Palace February 1st. Over five hundred employees, their wives, husbands and sweethearts attended the annual event and the judges found it a difficult task when the time came around to pick the winners for the sixteen handsome prizes that were donated by the friends of the Company.

Outside judges gave the final decision as to the prize winners but at that the employees of the big store carried off the best part of the prizes.

Mrs. Clarke, of our own staff, had an extra high class orchestra on hand for the evening and the refreshments from our dining room and the cakes made by fair ones of the Calgary staff were of the kind that would help make any affair a wonderful success.

Mr. C. O. Smith and Miss E. Griffis, of the Calgary newspapers, acted as the outside judges, while our own good fellows, Ralph Mason and George Salter, assisted in grand style.

By the time our much-looked-for *Beaver* for the month of March arrives we will have run off our Hard Times dance which is scheduled for the first evening in March.

The Ladder of Action

Which is your rung?

100	I did.
90	I will.
80	I can.
70	I think I can.
60	I might.
50	I think I might.
40	I wish I could.
30	What is it?
20	I don't know how.
10	I can't.
0	I won't.

Nuptials

AN exceedingly pretty wedding of considerable interest to the Calgary, Victoria and Winnipeg stores took place at the Knox Presbyterian church on Saturday, February 11th, when Miss Netta McEwan and Mr. Jack Hunter were united in marriage. Miss McEwan made a very charming and dainty bride, while Mr. Hunter looked a very proud and happy bridegroom.

The "weather man" was most generous with his sunshine in honor of the occasion, and judging by the smiles of both parties concerned, we venture to say they are the happiest couple in the world.

Returns to H. B. C.

T. J. F. McKEOWN has returned to Calgary store as manager of our personal shopping service.

Mr. McKeown is a Canadian and hails from Hamilton, Ontario, but claims he is a real westerner, having lived in the west for several years.

For five years he was a correspondent in the C.P.R. freight department at Winnipeg. He came to Calgary and joined the *Herald* staff as advertising solicitor, and afterwards became business manager and advertising manager there. Mr. McKeown then went to Chicago, where he was connected with Montgomery Ward & Company and Sears Roebuck. He then returned to Calgary to take the position of advertising and mail order manager for Price-Jones Ltd.,and upon liquidation of this company he came to the Hudson's Bay store to take over the duties of the late Mr. Frank Reeve, who had then enlisted.

Mr. McKeown stayed with this store for about eight months, when he left in order to take up farming near Stettler. This, however, proved to be an unsuccessful venture, and he is now serving the old Company once more.

EDMONTON

The "Beavers" Lose Two

PLAYING the final game of the schedule against the South Side team preparatory to the play-off series, the "Beavers" started out in the first period by playing the best hockey of the year. Brilliant combination and scintillating back-checking, backed by air-tight defence, gave them a lead of 3 to 1.

At the beginning of the second period the South Side team started in to make it the roughest game of the season. Not content with such trifles as tripping and heavy checking, they reached the climax when Stan Stephen, our stellar defence man, received a deliberate slash across the face with a stick, breaking his nose and putting him out of the game, perhaps for the season, and the man that slashed him was not even ruled off for a minor penalty. His loss disorganized the "Beavers" to such an extent that the South Side came through with a 5 to 3 victory.

The first game of the play-off, Friday, February 10th, found the "Beavers" still minus the services of Stephen, which seems to have disrupted their team play entirely, for while Garry Ferris, taking his place, played his best, the defensive work of the team that had been built up by two years' playing together suffered to such an extent that the South Side team, playing their most brilliant game of the year and backed by the super-human efforts of Slim Morris in goal, came out on top by the score of 9 to 3, marking the worst defeat we have had.

In the second game of the play-off the "Beavers" went down to defeat to the tune of 7 to 4. The game started out at a fast pace and the boys kept it up for three full periods. The game was lost in the first period when the South Side team skated off the ice with a 4 to 0 lead, the first two coming when a defence man was in the penalty box for an accidental trip, the third from a rank offside and the fourth the outcome of brilliant combination, and try as they would the "Beavers" were unable to get the puck past Morris.

The second game of the play-off for the city hockey championship was protested by the Hudson's Bay "Beavers" on the grounds of illegibility of one of the South Side players.

This protest was upheld by the league officials and the game was ordered to be re-played. The result was a victory for the "Beavers," 7 to 4, which entitles them to play for the provincial championship.

Social Topics

Mr. Lockey, department manager of the staples section, left for the Eastern markets on an extensive buying trip. Mr. Hamilton is filling the breach during his absence.

Mr. C. Briggs, department manager of the whitewear section, has also left for the Eastern markets, buying for spring and summer requirements. Miss Vera Solick has charge during his absence.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. Hughes on his promotion to department manager of the house furnishing section, succeeding Mr. C. Stapells. The Company's policy of promoting employees when competent to fill positions higher up is once again demonstrated in a practical way. Mr. Hughes for the past five or six years has filled the position of assistant manager in this department.

Miss Opal Jobe, of the toilet goods section, has resigned on account of ill-health in order to take a long rest.

Miss Gordon has been transferred from the boys' department to the fancy goods section.

Mr. Pallett, Mr. Walker, Mr. Chasey and Miss Doherty have left on extensive buying trips, their places being filled during their absence by Mr. Falkins, Miss Stephens, Mr. Harkness and Miss Alice Wright for their respective departments.

C. Stapells, for the past two years buyer for the house furnishing department, resigned last month to take up an important position with a leading Montreal firm.

On the eve of his departure "Charlie" was presented with a leather travelling bag by the department managers. Mr. McKenzie, assistant manager, made the presentation on behalf of the assembly.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why is it all the rage for the girls to wear their hair short (bobbed) and the boys long (pompadoured?)—short-haired girls and long-haired boys!

—*why so many* male members of the staff were envious upon hearing of "Charlie" Stapells' good fortune on acquiring a remunerative position in Montreal, and whether it was the thought of his leaving the "dry" belt for a locality notoriously "wet."

—*how the Englishman* in the shipping room grew such lovely "cauliflowers" in the month of February, and if he still thinks he is a real hard-boiled egg; also the young lady's name who was the cause of this unnatural and abnormal growth.

—*the name* of the young lady who slipped on the sidewalk just outside the store, and if any part of her anatomy was hurt worse than her feelings.

—*if Fleming* believes in the old adage, "Better be born lucky than rich."

—*why we can't* have a store championship cup for hockey. We have a pedestal all ready for it in Edmonton.

—*if there is* a harder worker than Phil. Stone, our heady, aggressive president, an honor to any executive and staunch supporter of clean sport.

Write Your Own Caption

OUR office boy was asked by one of the staff at lunch why he always took a glass of milk instead of tea or coffee with his meal. His excuse was that tea or coffee would *keep him awake during the afternoon!*

Hudsonia Prospers

UNDER the regime of Chef Hounsell the popular *Hudsonia* is now in constant demand, not only for luncheons and afternoon teas, but for important banquets.

No less than seven such functions were catered for during the week of February 13th.

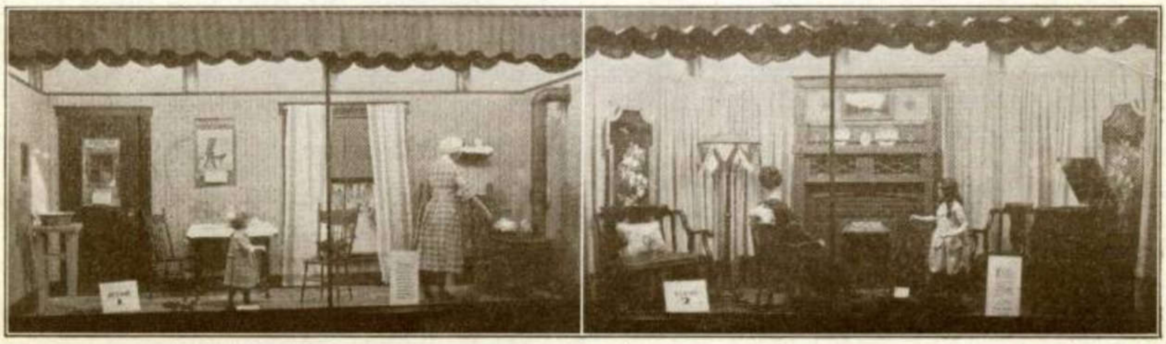
A word of praise is also due to the very efficient staff of dainty waitresses, who would do credit to the most exclusive restaurants of the large eastern cities. One regular patron was heard to remark—they are the "peaches and cream." Nuf sed.

Prize-Winning Windows

THESE displays portrayed, in two scenes, the necessity of life insurance. Scene one shows the bereaved family living in very straightened circumstances, owing to the fact that the husband was *not insured.* Scene two shows a striking contrast—a family bereft, but living very comfortably because the husband was *well insured.*

These displays were installed in conjunction with the insurance company's campaign, held in Edmonton the week of January 30th. Considerable comment was caused by the striking displays which helped very considerably in obtaining the results desired by the insurance companies of Edmonton.

Prizes were awarded for the best displays, the first prize being captured by the H.B.C. windows.



Small Girl's Composition

Containing Much Wisdom

MEN are what women ain't. They are also what women marry. They drink, smoke, swear and have ever so many pockets, but they won't be good and go to church. Some of them say they do, but they go golfing. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would go to church more. Boys is what will be men when they grow up if they don't smoke cigarets or get a job behind a ribbon counter. Boys are a trouble and wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls, and the rest dolls. Man was made in six days, and on the seventh the Lord rested. Then he made woman, and nobody has had any rest since. That's what papa says.

WINNIPEG

Cliff O'Meara, garage manager, now heads the list of goal scorers in the Manitoba senior hockey league. On two occasions recently he netted 7 and 6 goals against Falcons and Selkirk respectively.

Mrs. J. Hunter, nee Miss Netta McEwan, called in to see her many friends in the store last month radiating smiles and cheer. A bride of a few days, she admitted being gloriously happy in her new sphere. The joyous couple were on their way east and south to spend their honeymoon before following the birds to Victoria.

We had great demonstrations by speed artists at the carnival, but they had nothing on Miss Burns for speeding things up. A platinum ring tells us that congratulations are in order. She might pass on the formula to others in the store.

The stork was a busy bird again during February. At least three of our fellow workers received a gift, each in the form of a bouncing baby girl—Messrs. Kiel (hardware), McBride (men's furs) and A. Mathieson, of drapery workroom, were the proud fathers. Congratulations were extended from all sides, particularly to Clarence McBride, whose first it is.

Arthur Robinson thinks seriously of adopting a youngster every time he hears about the other fellows' new arrivals. Too bad, Arthur—but they're not an unmixed blessing, as "Mac" will already tell you. Especially when they arrive in duplicate, says R.J.H.

Mr. Frankish, manager of notions, was a sufferer from la grippe for a few days prior to his departure for the east.

Much satisfaction is expressed from every quarter at the news that Mrs. Havens, of the notions department, is well on the road to recovery after her serious illness with pneumonia. At one time she was near death's door with one chance in a hundred for recovery.

Fellow employees were glad to welcome back Miss Lily Finch, of the notions department, after a very severe attack of la grippe and tonsilitis.

Great presence of mind was shown by a certain stout gentleman in the receiving room the other day. While at the 'phone the chair he was tilting back upon went back too far. He calmly finished his conversation on his back with the 'phone resting on his shins. He advises others who would try to emulate the feat that it is rather a painful operation the first few times tried.

MANAGERS BUYING IN THE EAST

Miss McCheyne	*Millinery*
Miss O'Grady	*Ladies' hosiery, gloves and underwear*
Mr. Diamond	*Silks and dress goods*
Mr. Scott	*Hardware*
Mr. Frankish	*Notions*
Mr. Pearin	*Men's clothing and furs.*

H.B.C. retail curling league wound up a most enjoyable and closely played schedule on February 16th. The event was played in two series, Mills winning the first series. The second series ended as follows:

Skip	Won	Lost
Bowdler	5	0
Mills	3	2
Pearin	2	2
Scott	2	2
Ogston	0	5

The final between Mills and Bowdler, winners of the two series, took place February 20th. Skip Mills won after the tightest of battles by one rock, score 9-8.

The cup thus changes hands, for Bowdler was last season's holder. The boys are now eagerly looking forward to the interdepartmental games between retail, wholesale, land, fur and other branches in Winnipeg to decide who are H.B.C. champions.

TWO rinks from H.B. retail were guests of The T. Eaton curlers Saturday evening, February 18th, at the Granite rink.

An enjoyable time was had, made more pleasing from our point of view by the fact that both Hudson's Bay rinks won their games, Bowdler beating Bloomer by 16-8 and Parker beating Dennison 12-8.

Representing the retail were: J. Whalley, A. C. Dunbar, J. Scott and G. Bowdler (skip) and A. Laping, T. F. Reith, R. Leckie and F. Parker (skip).

Swimming Club

WINNIPEG store's swimming club started its season's activities the evening of February 7th. Messrs. Tom Johnson and L. Jones are the leading lights in aquatic circles. Those "in the know" say they are regular "fish" in the water. Of course, we take it they mean this in a complimentary way.

The members have a whale of a time every Tuesday evening at the Cornish baths. Especially when Sid. Kauffman enters the water.

The boys enjoy good sport and healthy recreation once a week and invite more of their fellow employees to join in the divers sports.

Football

LAST season H.B.C. wholesale entered a team in the Winnipeg commercial football league and intend doing the same this year.

At the time of the club's formation overtures were made to the retail and other departments to join with them and put out the strongest possible H.B.C. team. Although we know of several good players these overtures did not reach them, consequently wholesale played a lone hand and did remarkably well in the league.

It has been intimated this season that a team can be got together representative of all H.B.C. departments in Winnipeg to uphold the old name in the best possible manner. Speaking for the retail footballers, we should be only too pleased to assist in every way possible, and admire the spirit of the wholesale in carrying on as they did in the face of many difficulties last year.

Let all departments get busy on this project soon and be in readiness when the season starts. —*T.F.Reith.*

Sam Beggs, the doughty tailor, rolled 245—two hundred and forty-five, mind you—on the bowling alleys February 20th. This constitutes a Winnipeg H.B.C. record, and is likely to stand for a long time. We imagine the "rye," vintage 1885, that Sam hinted he had sampled just previous must have had something to do with it. His fellow competitors hope he will never run across a drop of the real "Irish" just prior to a game.

Mourning

ARRAYED in deepest mourning from head to foot, an elderly woman of dusky hue halted before the counter. And this is the conversation that ensued:

"Honey," she addressed the young woman clerk, "is you got any black underwear?"

"No, auntie," replied the salesgirl, "but I have some very nice white ones. Won't they do?

"No, honey," replied the woman with just a touch of sorrow. "No, they don't do. When I mourns, I mourns clean down to de skin."

Snowshoeing

THE H.B.C. Amusement and Athletic Association held their first snowshoe tramp and moccasin dance of the season February 14th.

After all joining hands and becoming acquainted, snowshoes were donned in the hall and the fun started. Novices were seen pacing up and down the floor and sliding around as if on skates. Those with the experience of a few times on snowshoes were loudly explaining to experienced trampers the best methods of tieing on the webs. A very healthy and jolly tramp was taken along the river and although 20 below weather was encountered, everybody was warm and happy.

The party returned to the Linwood school and all did full justice to the "eats" and coffee provided by the ladies.

Dancing then was indulged in from 10 to 12. When "lights out" was sounded not one in the party but wore a beaming smile of sheer delight. Fred Parker took the opportunity to shout, "How about another one in two weeks?" "As soon as you like" echoed the crowd!

ON THE TRAIL

It is rumoured that Miss Burnside was putting the non-snowshoers wise on *how to snowshoe*.

Mr. Welch fell in a hole and says he would have been there yet if he had not yelled as the last man passed, "I'm from H.B.C."

The others would like to know why some put their shoes on outside and walked up the creek. Ask "Shorty" R.A.C. in the retail.

Mr. Douglas (administration office) is still searching for the person who kept stepping on his snowshoes.

The land department were out in full force. Regular "mushers," they can give points to a lot of the other departments.

LAND DEPT. NEWS

Charlie Miller has been away from the office through sickness and we hope that his extended leave of absence will bring him back with health fully regained.

Mr. Lucas G. Thompson has commenced his duties in the land department in charge of the mineral section, succeeding Mr. Q. Maltby, resigned.

Miss Olive Card certainly got a large-sized envelope on Valentine day. Good work for a small boy! She says *it's from her brother-in-law. We wonder!*

Bill was missed at the masquerade. We were much disappointed that he called it off at the last minute. Reminded us of Charlie's Aunt!

Ten members of the land department staff joined with the retail staff and spent a most enjoyable evening snowshoeing on the 14th February.

It was a thorogood sport in the draughting department who sustained a rent in the region where an oldtimer strikes his matches. When he arrived at the office first aid was applied by the boys of the staff. But blueprints, fasteners and a large duster coat proved of no avail. So the victim stepped out to a tailor, who in mending the rent dug so deep with his needle that at night everything came off together. Maybe this explains why he was late to the snowshoe party.

A Party in Kildonan

A PLEASANT evening was spent by members of the land department staff and their friends as guests of Associate Editor Basil Everitt at his pretty home on Leighton avenue, East Kildonan, February 4th. Whist was a diversion in which all joined heartily to compete for two handsome prizes. The "booby prizes" were captured by Miss Morrison and T. Nicholls.

Winnipeg metropolitan dwellers will soon develop the "bump of locality" with a few such excursions to that beautiful suburb to the northward.

—*Arthur Swindell*

CUR-R-LIN'

By MRS. WEST

The king of all the winter games is curling,
And this year
'Tis very pop'lar with both sexes,
Either dark or fair.

The members of the land department
Started off with zest,
That's one thing one is bound to have
In this Canadian West.

They tell me Little Miss Burnett
Is great in throwing "rocks,"
She sprawls along behind them,
And the rest get awful shocks.

Mr. Joslyn is the clever one
At "jcslin" them along,
We all get very anxious
When we see him sweepin' strong.

McDill, he places "canny shots,"
But this one might expect,
He thinks that safety first is true
For fear his hopes are wrecked.

But Mr. Harman, I am told,
Trusts in a lucky coin,
And when it doesn't bring him luck
He says "'tis most annoyin'."

We wonder why that Nicholson
Should rush away each night,
The gossips' tongues are busy,
But we fancy that they're right.

I hear that Mr. Almond
His best sweater coat did lose,
Now I don't know, it may be true,
But *I* think it was a ruse

So he could get another one
With great big pockets in,
Perhaps he thinks he now will stand
A better chance to win.

Miss Killer comes and throws a rock
And then you hear—"It's dead."
But what can you expect
With a Miss *Killer* "seeing red."

The cup is looking very big
In Mr. Everitt's eyes,
I hear his chances too, are good
For winning of the prize.

Perhaps there's something in the fact
That Swindell's joined his rink,
At any rate it will not hurt
Success with him to link.

Now as for Mr. Bellingham,
He's not quite to the mark
That he was up to last year,
But kindly keep it dark.

Our Mr. Nicholls' trying hard,
He does his very best
To win the game and take the cup
Before he goes out west.

By those whose names do not appear
I hope I'll be forgiven,
I'm short of rhyme and short of time
And to my wit's end driven.

There's just one skip I nearly skipped,
I'll use him as a lever,
Now Mr. Thomas, be a sport,
And put this in *The Beaver*.

LETHBRIDGE
Store News

Mr. Sangster has got a good start on a series of week-end decorative window schemes, and we have had some beautiful examples of what the art of window dressing means. The expressions of pleasure from numbers of our customers at this innovation are certainly worth the efforts which have been made in this direction.

Alfalfa haircuts are coming into fashion. What is an alfalfa haircut? Ask Mr. Burns.

The H.B.A.A. held a Valentine dance on February 14th in Harper's hall for members and their friends. A large and jolly crowd enjoyed the evening thoroughly. The decorations were in red and white, composed of long festoons, hearts and arrows hung profusely about the hall. Mr. W. Thompson introduced the "varnish brush waltz."

Miss Aggie Perry left last month for her home in Wakefield, England, where she intends to remain indefinitely. Before leaving she was presented with an ivory manicure set by some of her friends.

Miss Annie Alexander has been transferred to the china department and is doing very well with the learning of the language.

The hockey critics in the store wish to inform Mr. Upton that it is customary to play hockey on the feet and not on the hands and knees.

We had intended sending for publication a photograph of trophies won by Mr. Scott in the recent bonspiel, but when we received the collection of cups and carving sets we decided it would take the heart out of any team likely to take up the Lethbridge challenge, so are content merely to make the announcement.

When an H.B.C. man in Victoria marries a Hudson's Bay girl from Calgary we are sure that the "Seal of Quality" is much in evidence. Lethbridge congratulates and offers best wishes for the future.

Last month Miss Garrison, of the office staff, was presented with a dinner set. The presentation was made by Mr. W. L. Ogden, the manager, on behalf of the staff. Miss Garrison's marriage to Mr. Robert Everest took place February 1st, and after a honeymoon trip to the coast cities they will reside in Lethbridge.

Efficiency

By SHEM

Efficiency: "The cause, the truth, the laws of power of producing the effect intended."

III. COMMON SENSE

GET your field glasses out and have a look at our route through the next valley. See those sharp curves and the steep grades.

It seems to me that ideals and the force of habit are like our flivver before the last overhaul. The engine is fine. All kinds of power. Give her the merest whiff of gas and away she goes with a biff and a bang! But the brakes would not act and I am not too sure if the steering wheel is tight on the stem.

It is very probable that you have the Rotarian ideal. Your habits are most probably under careful supervision and excellent. In fact you may be even a little-white-hen-who-never-lays-astray kind of a fellow with unruffled tail feathers and the pinkest, jauntiest of wattles. Yet the management gave that better job you were after to a drab, "ordinary" old fowl who hasn't half the good points you know you have.

Harrington Emerson, an American efficiency engineer and the author of an excellent book on efficiency which every one should read, does some clear thinking on what he calls *near* common sense. He quotes, amongst many other vivid powerful instances of his argument, part of Daniel Webster's speech in congress in 1844 against an appropriation of $50,000 to establish mail communication with the Pacific coast: "What do we want of the vast worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these deserts or these endless mountain ranges, unpenetrable and covered to their bases with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast of 3000 miles, rockbound, cheerless—with not a harbour in it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is to-day."

Emerson then says: "A single red copper cent seemed of more worth to the small and terrified soul of a New England statesman than all our splendid country west of the Rocky Mountains. He was willing to sacrifice anything to New England fishing interests, because he was destitute of supernal common sense. He lost to us the empire west of the Rockies north of 49 degrees up to 54 degrees 40 minutes, and no thanks to him, we did not also lose Oregon and Washington."

We can well suppose that on other points a worthy statesman like Daniel Webster, justly revered and honoured by many of his countrymen to-day, possessed common sense in abundance; yet prejudice in this instance warped his judgment and common sense.

It is undeniable that common sense is an important factor in our power of producing the effect intended—one of the great essentials to efficiency.

Common sense is only sound practical judgment! The natural sagacity or understanding of mankind in general. Some go even farther and maintain its "common-ness" embraces all nature, even as a thermometer is said to be "sensitive." They point triumphantly to the Latin root of the verb "to be" and claim that "sens," the present participle, the being, proves its possession.

But we do not need the argument pro and con if we grant that you and I were born with common sense as part of our gifts in nature. We were also born with biceps in our arms and by means of exercise we have managed to keep them in such condition that they see us through our day's work alright and even at middle life some of us are reducing our handicaps at golf after the day's work is done.

Common sense is capable of development along just exactly like lines. Webster lapsed and came to a disastrous decision because his common sense was not in form.

Exercise common sense then, with keen interest in its progress and development. Make every decision you are called upon to make after a conscious appreciation of the evidence. You will thereby steer safely past that sharp turn called prejudice and your enthusiasm for service will not get you speeding to the common danger run by your fellow travellers.

And always remember that your common sense will control your force of habit, that your force of habit will improve your common sense, that your ideals will control both!

(To be continued)

Literary Puzzle

By JOHN McMURRAY

Note—Address Puzzle Editor, *The Beaver*. Answers must be in not later than June 1st, 1922, from all except H.B.C. post men inland who may have until September 1st, 1922, to get their solutions to Winnipeg. Prizes: A handsome silver-plated Eversharp pencil and leads enough for 25,000 words to each of the first three readers who correctly place ten or more of the quotations, giving name of book, poem or play and author, thus:

9. "The Muddlers." Act 3001, scene 1101,
by Herbert Henry Waitansee
David Seaside Parlez.
17. "Whisper and I Shall Hear." Poem,
by John Defasdornale.

A valuable supplementary prize will also be given for the *first correct solution of the entire number of quotations (20)*. The prize will be Vilhjalmur Stefansson's new and much talked of 785-page book, "The Friendly Arctic," worth $6.50.

HERE are twenty quotations from twenty authors. Readers will notice that Burns, Dickens, Scott and Shakespeare are conspicuous by their absence. The omission is not due to lack of appreciation, but to the simple fact that it would be difficult to make a selection from such authors that would not instantly be recognised, especially in the case of Burns.

These quotations cover a period from ancient Rome to the present day. If answered in the order given, the names of the authors will appear in alphabetical order.

Three of the quotations are from works by servants of the Hudson's Bay Company.

There is a double reference to No. 5. Both are by the same author.

Compare No. 2 and No. 12. Note the similarity of reference. No. 2 is *not* from a biography of Lincoln. No. 12 refers to a British statesman, and the reference is by another British statesman.

QUOTATIONS

1. P.S.—"I would advise your little shock dog to keep out of my way: for . . . I may chance one time or another to give him such a snap as he won't like."
2. "Every time I met President Lincoln I wondered how such elevation of thought and such childish simplicity could be found in the same man."
3. "There is a difference between trying to please and giving pleasure. Lose no chance of giving pleasure. For that is the ceaseless and anonymous triumph of a truly loving spirit."
4. "All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance."
5. "The nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."
6. "He who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero."
7. "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."
8. "A' the winter lang 'twas Frances and stars and spooks and speerits and bogies and statues . . . till the lassie thought ye gane clean daft!"
9. "The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"
10. "It is needless to dwell upon this pest. Like the fleas in Italy, it has been overdone in description, and yet beggars it."
(The reference is to the Peace river mosquito)
11. "As there will be two Nicks, they will naturally call my boy young Nick, and of course I shall be styled old Nick, which will be diabolical."
12. "Simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect."
13. "In order to punish the cow . . . old Geordie did not milk her for two days, and lectured her most severely in French, English and Indian."
14. "Strange to say what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition."
15. "Dictionary words both, but not found in my 'Constable's Manual'."
16. "The two magpies are civil enough; but the angel uses us like devils, and the rising sun refuses us light to go to bed by."
17. "No society can surely be flourishing and happy of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable."
18. "I am not going to be a tarry pirate for nothing, nor yet to hang in chains if I can help it."
19. "Give him another five-pound note and tell him he need not come again. You may add that his father did not drive me to Aberdeen . . . as a matter of fact, I walked."
20. "He would have drawn a bill upon Aldgate pump. It was a downright mania with him."

KAMLOOPS
Store News

Kamloops store made a big switch in departments last month, changing the drygoods over where the men's furnishings were and the men's furnishings over to the space the drygoods previously occupied. The shoe sections were also changed around.

This undertaking was considered a ten-day job, but the staff made the change in four days, the heavy fixtures being transferred in one night. The appearance of the store is wonderfully improved.

Miss Barr, of the millinery department, returned from Seattle and Vancouver, where she visited the millinery shows.

James Munn, of the grocery department, and Leslie Miller, of the men's furnishing department, were seriously ill last month.

Miss Dougans is said to be thinking of entering the ice cream competition.

NELSON
Store News

Mr. A. Flumerfelt, manager of the shoe department, was elected secretary of the Nelson hockey club last month.

Mr. John Adams has not been able to play football lately, but is keeping in condition digging up frozen water pipes.

Miss L. Lancaster left for her home in Cranbrook on an extended visit. The staff presented her with a small remembrance.

We are wondering if Mr. H. Waters takes his run at lunch time to catch his car or for the purpose of working up an appetite.

Mr. G. A. Bladworth and Mr. A. Flumerfelt have taken up curling and claim to be in the lead.

We are hoping soon to have a rink of our own. —*L. McEachern*

What Do We Live For

if not to make life less difficult for others? Are you so living that you will not, after your death, leave difficulty for your dependents? All well whilst you are able to provide, but when the inevitable happens what then? But why contemplate when means are at hand to avoid chance of distress—the cost is reasonable; the results certain and advantageous.

Write for particulars of the means referred to.

When writing state age nearest birthday to

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D.30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG.**

VICTORIA

Front Row (l. to r.)—F. Bryden Jack; G. Ford; F. Richardson; A. R. Mann; J. Wright.
Second Row—B. Waude; J. Chambers; G. R. Lovatt, president of Commercial league; G. Reid; E. Bayliss.
Back Row—R. Stanhope (manager) J. Hunter (secretary) A. Haines (trainer)

Hockey

THE commercial league has certainly given Victorians all they were looking for in the way of sport. Sport, especially hockey, seemed at a standstill, so they endeavoured to stimulate it and invited H.B.C. to come in.

Mr. Lovatt, of the Hudson's Bay Company, was elected president of the league, and within ten days a contract was signed for the season's ice at the Arena rink for Wednesday nights. Mr. Stanhope, also of the Hudson's Bay Company, had the team out in the Company's colors (green and gold) and they won the first game.

H.B.C. certainly put the "pep" in the commercial league, and hundreds of people turned out to witness the games. So far this store's team has beaten every opponent.

Dollar Day

THE united efforts of the Victoria retail merchants to make Dollar Day, February 18th, the greatest shopping event that the city has ever known were rewarded with success beyond the most optimistic expectations.

The Hudson's Bay Company contributed in no small proportion to the general success attained.

Incoming trains from various points of the island brought hundreds of eager shoppers to test out the value of their dollars.

The B.C. Electric offered reduced rates from interurban points. Residents on the E. & N. railway as far as Chemanius were able to travel to town and back for $1. This was made possible by the merchants having arranged to refund the difference between the dollar and what was actually paid for the ticket.

It is often stated that Victoria people are loth to get up in the mornings, but offer them dollar values such as were advertised for Dollar Day and watch them come.

Caustic Comments

Mr. Leslie Golman evidently does not think our climate is as advertised, as he has been astonishing the natives here with that beautiful seal neckpiece. Wonder if he caught the seal up north?

A certain young lady on the third floor always has her hair marcelled on certain days. Can it be connected with that box of chocolates?

Monty Danby says he is related to the great comedian of that name. We don't doubt it in the least when we see him balancing on a stepladder. He's training his kid to be an acrobat.

At the time of going to press Mr. Hunter is still away visiting Eastern markets. We are all looking anxiously for his return for more reasons than one.

Miss Edith Rhodes, of Department 27, recently held a most enjoyable birthday party and was the recipient of numerous presents. During the evening a certain rumour went around, so we naturally want to know who and when it is.

Miss Inez Jones, of the grocery department, was the recipient on Saturday evening, February 4th, of a beautiful linen tablecloth and napkins, presented by Mr. Smith, the grocery buyer, on behalf of her fellow clerks, as a token of esteem and faithful service and on the occasion of her wedding.

Mr. A. N. Musgrove was never more surprised in his life when on the evening of January 24th his usually peaceful home was invaded by the girls from departments 5 and 6. The surprise gathering was arranged with the object of celebrating Mr. Musgrove's return to health after his recent serious illness.

When Mr. Pout goes to the hockey games he sure supports the H.B.C. team. Mr. Mann, in the drugs, is considering a sale of ear plugs, so get in early before the rush.

Mr. Stark certainly deserves credit. He is such a quiet man in the store, but you try and argue in the stockroom with him. The last physical report of his assistant, Bill Heaney, was 6 feet 4 inches and 210 pounds. Think it over, boys.

The sports committee are busy these days. The new Hudson's Bay swimming club has mixed bathing Saturday nights and is in splendid shape.

We sure have a "live" sports committee. The free night for the Hudson's Bay staff at the Princess theatre was much appreciated.

VERNON
Store News

The fancy dress ball in connection with the I.O.D.E., Vernon, February 13th, was largely attended. Tom Bone acted as master of ceremonies. Roberta Covington, of the office staff, carried off the first prize for ladies in her old-fashioned grandmotherly silk costume; reminiscent of the old lady in "Mazawattee Tea." Doreen Watson, in the fairy's Valentine carriage, led off the grand march.

E. W. Caspell, in the latest curling competition, just ran short of being on the winning team for the Hudson' Bay shield. His rink was beaten in the finals.

Jimmy Henderson wants to sell his curling broom (almost new). Kilts and ice don't "gang thegether."

There was nothing but *bare bone* to be seen when Tom Bone danced in the Reel of Tulloch at the City club Burns gathering.

There is an abundance of smiles and comely carriage in the store just now, especially when General Manager Barnett is around. The young ladies are wondering who are going to be selected as live models at the spring opening.

The employees' monthly social evening, held February 24th, was again a splendid success. Dancing was the feature of the evening, with singing and elocutionary items interspersed.

Caledonian Revels

AN old epidemic has broken out in Vernon in the re-forming of the Caledonian society. H.B.C. employees are largely credited with the revival, as Messrs. Watson, Henderson and Bone were responsible for the splendid Burns celebrations that were carried out in Vernon this year. January 24th saw the court house *en fete,* when Highland dancing, bagpipes, kilts and Scottish songs filled the bill. The haggis was killed with due ceremony.

J. A. McKelvie, M.P., voted it the finest celebration he had attended in thirty years.

On January 25th the Vernon city club continued the festivities (men only this time), then fame travelled to Kelowna. Vernon's Hudson's Bay Scots, with their singers, dancers, haggis eaters and orators on Burns, took that neighbouring town by storm.

Jimmy Henderson voted it "all gran' but gey sair on the constitution," It will be no surprise to see some of these enthusiastic Scots coming down to business some morning in the kilts.

Even Lanceley—a dyed-in-the-wool Sassenache—donned the "garb of old Gaul" and sang "Roamin' in the Gloamin'."

In the newly formed Caledonian society Robert Watson was elected as president for the ensuing year and James Henderson on the board of management.

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

By H. J. MOBERLY

(Continued from last issue)

THE young men, in full dress, beaded leggings, fine cloth capotes, fancy belts, cloth caps, glorious with feathers and ribbons, strutted about showing themselves off like wild turkey cocks.

After two days of rest the regular work of the service recommenced. The servants for each outpost were selected and placed under their respective officers. The "outfits" were made up by the officers and men of Edmonton, and as fast as the officer in charge of an outpost received his goods he set his men to packing them up.

Each package weighed ninety pounds, and was constructed as near as possible to fit on either side of a pack saddle. When the goods were packed and provisions for the trip laid out the number of horses required for the post were determined and ordered in from the horse guards, two of which were maintained, containing between them eight or nine hundred horses. At this time of the year one of these horse guards was kept across the Sturgeon river about where St. Alban's mission now stands, the other about Lac le Nun or Lac Berland.

The horses arriving, they were saddled and loaded. A stirrup cup disposed of, the party started on its way.

The Jasper House, being the most distant, that command left first, in charge of Andre Cardinal, accompanied by a clerk who had arrived from Victoria, B.C., during the winter with the packet, and was desirous of getting to Jasper House to catch the spring boat for his return to Victoria.

The next to go was that for Lesser Slave Lake, in charge of Mr. Colin Fraser, and that for Fort Assiniboine under a postmaster named Kininawis. The following day the boat for the Mountain House was loaded and started, in charge of Mr. Brazeau, an old and experienced clerk, who had had a long experience with the Blackfoot nations at Yellowstone and Fort Benton, on the Mississippi.

When the various brigades had left Edmonton for their respective stations in the lonely wilderness, we settled down for the winter, Chief Factor Sinclair in charge of Edmonton and the Saskatchewan district, with James McKenzie, clerk and accountant; J. Sinclair and myself, clerks, and Wm. Calder and Wm. Munroe, interpreters. We had, besides, sixty-five regular servants, including boat builders, carpenters and blacksmiths, and about fifty temporary servants—hunters, horsekeepers, meat haulers and fishermen. These formed the regular staff for Edmonton.

Michael Calihous, the head fisherman, with two other men was sent to Lac St. Anne with orders to "hang up" thirty-six thousand fish, for the use of the dogs and for rations at the post when necessary. The fish were netted, cleaned, split and suspended in the air from poles to dry. They could then be kept all winter.

Another party was sent out with pack horses to bring in fresh meat for immediate use. Just before winter set in a band of Sarcees came to the post—about forty lodges. They brought in provisions, robes and leather, obtained their supplies and left the following evening.

The Sarcees, although they have existed independently for over a century, are really a band of Beaver Indians from Peace River, and even now a Sarcee and a Beaver Indian can understand each another. It appears that about one hundred and thirty or forty years ago the Beaver Indians hunted, some on the north, others on the south side of the Peace river, and in the spring would meet at the mouth of the Red river, about fifty miles below

Fort Vermilion. On one occasion a quarrel arose between the two chiefs over a gambling bout. Some blood was spilled, and the younger chief with his band left and joined the Blackfeet, with whom they have remained ever since, though in a separate band.

The Blackfeet themselves formerly lived north of the Saskatchewan between Edmonton and Lesser Slave Lake and were Woods Indians. They possessed no horses. The plains were overrun with the Pawnee nation, at that time one of the most powerful and warlike tribes, constantly at war with all the other tribes. War and sickness had however gradually depleted their numbers, and the remnant had gone further south. Meanwhile the Blackfeet had increased in numbers, and having become possessed of horses, by theft, they gradually advanced into the prairie country until, finally, they settled between the Mississippi and Saskatchewan, where they remained 'til this day. The small remnant of the Pawnee nation is, I believe, on a reserve in Florida.

For the next month or so we were kept busy outfitting small bands of Woods Indians and getting them off for their winter hunts. The half-breeds from Lac St. Anne came in with nearly one hundred and fifty horses and dog sleds. As soon as there was sufficient snow on the ground they made their way out to the plains to prepare dried provisions for the winter use, and to trade for winter necessaries.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Winter of 1855-6.

SO passed the time till nearly Christmas, when the officers from Fort Pitt, Lac la Biche, Lesser Slave Lake and Fort Assiniboine began to arrive with their dog trains, the harness handsome with silk or bead work, embroidered saddle cloths, silver bells and feathers. The drivers, too, were rigged *en voyageur,* with beads and silk work gay and resplendant. Soon there were of course any number of challenges afoot as to which dogs were the swiftest and most enduring, and from morning to night races were run. At night dances cheated sleep—in fact it was a connected round of revelry from Christmas eve to New Year's. At midnight on New Year's eve every hand that could raise an old flint-lock fired salutes to the New Year till the powder horns were empty.

The old three-pound metal carronades were not always allowed to be fired, owing to an accident that happened about three years before. The blacksmith had gone into the bastion, loaded one of the guns and discharged it. The sound had been heard but no attention paid to it at the time, but next morning the blacksmith being missed, the bastion was searched and he was found a heap of mangled flesh, the cannon blown into a thousand pieces.

New Year's day of course was a great handshaking and kissing day. Very few of the women thought of putting out their hands to shake, but held up their cheeks to be kissed.

(To be continued)

Pictures

By JEAN HOLT

"YOUR homes are barbarically gorgeous, Sid Hassan," said the Canadian girl who had just come to Al Mogreb al Aska. "You have tapestries and rugs and embroideries and cushions; you have everything that contributes to physical comfort but you have no pictures and no books."

"No books, of course not, madamoiselle. What need of books where none can read? But pictures? Yes—we have them—masterpieces from the hand of God."

"Where do you keep them? I would really like to see one," and the girl touched the flank of her Arab horse lightly with the whip.

"Come. I will show you." The *sheik* spurred his horse up a steep, narrow street flanked by brooding fortifications. "You have them not in Canada, nor in all the world, such canvasses as I will show you, my friend."

Sid Hassan ben Ali, Shiek of Islam, bowed to his companion as their horses clattered through a massive gate into a courtyard enclosed by frowning fortifications that appeared impregnable, until one saw violets blossoming in the crevices of the crumbling stone blocks and the tinted mosses and silver lichens spreading like a compassionate veil over the decaying grandeur—a veil as pathetically ineffective for concealing decay as pink tulle upon an old woman. Lizards slithered among the rushes around the well in the cobbled court, and a stork, symbol of birth, guarded the square tower of the sea wall.

The riders trotted across the court to a high arch overlooking the town. Before them stretched the flat roofs, the white walls, the spires, and minarets of beautiful, sinister Tangier—the "City Without a Country," the city where anything can happen between an eve and a morning. Over the town hovered an almost impalpable blue haze and the sun, glowing like one of the golden apples of Hesperides, slipped suddenly into the gray Atlantic. For a moment the somber towers and walls and the fragile minarets were rimmed with golden flame. Another moment and the swift descending tropic night had blotted out the Midas touch. Shadows, gray like the hovering, misty wings of moths drifted in from the sea and the hills; shadows that absorbed the pink tones of the afterglow and then, chameleon-like, spread their amethyst folds over wall and tower and minaret.

Across the darkening Straits of Gibbralter the golden hills of Spain lost the glory of Sorolla and took on the mystical softness of Corot. The Rock, with its eternal turban of haze—symbol of the days when the Arabs held the fortress—and Djibel Musa, its companion peak on the African coast, loomed against the eastern horizon, unstable ghost of mountains. Beyond them the blue Mediterranean shaded to twilight purple, and the whitecaps chased each other across its darkening surface like low-flying gulls.

Far below the promontory the sea fretted moaningly outside the mole, but within the breakwater the mirror-like bay absorbed the shadow of the city on the hill. Swiftly the purple twilight wrapped the sea, the bay and the city in ever darkening folds. The white walls glowed faint and more faintly through the purpling shadows. Night had come to Morocco—the gallery doors were closed.

"What think you of my pictures, mademoiselle?" asked the *sheik*.

"I think—you have no need for colored paints spread on canvas rolls so long as you have this."

YORKTON
Store News

Yorkton had another disastrous fire last month. Smith and McKay's confectionery store was burned with a total loss of $10,000 insurance, just about enough to cover his new fixtures. The store was owned by Gibson & Appleton, who carried only $12,000 insurance. The occupants living above lost everything.

Col. Pawlett, D.S.O., representing Osler, Hammond and Nanton, H.B.C. land agent, prominent in church and Masonic work and vice-president of the board of trade, died last month from influenza and was buried under Masonic auspices with full military honors. He leaves a widow.

Selling Goods by Introduction

By A WESTERNER

I ONCE worked for a man in the old country. He was quite prosperous. Sometimes he would step into a cash desk and give change. On one occasion I had sold a customer 50 cents worth and presented $5 at the desk. He looked at the bill and then at me and said: "Couldn't you get any more than 50 cents out of this, boy?" If everyone would try and sell more by introductory methods less change would leave the cash desk.

I am sorry to say that introducing goods on the floor is almost an obsolete custom. The blame lies really at the top, or perhaps might be put down to the rosy business of the past few years. A remedy something along these lines might be tried and I believe would meet with success:

Place one article or line of yard goods out daily for special introductory purposes, checking over and tabulating sales daily. Getting exact figures. Change the line daily. I am sure if this idea were faithfully carried out it would mean an increase in the department sales.

Be Practical

ENTHUSIASM becomes a menace and costly when practiced by theorists. A bright young man I knew when in the H.B.C. Winnipeg store was dressing a window and drove a four-inch spike through a piece of black gros grain silk worth $4 a yard two inches from the selvedge. He was a real enthusiast. He meant well but didn't know any better.

Don't drive a bunch of energy into something you don't understand.
—*A Westerner*

Rough Time in a Canoe

From York Factory to Norway House

By P. H. GODSELL, *District Inspector, Athabasca*

EARLY in September, 1905, I left York Factory en route for Norway House, travelling in a skiff with four Oxford House Indians.

We were of course travelling up stream, so that it was necessary to track the vessel almost the entire distance. Upon many occasions our combined weights causing the vessel to ride too deeply, we would be forced to jump waist deep into the turmoil of waters in order to lighten the craft and get it safely past some obstruction, when, having got it into deeper and calmer water, we would flounder in again.

About ten days from York Factory we arrived at a rapid near Swampy lake, up which the Indians decided to pole the vessel. In order to lighten the craft I stepped ashore with the intention of walking over the portage.

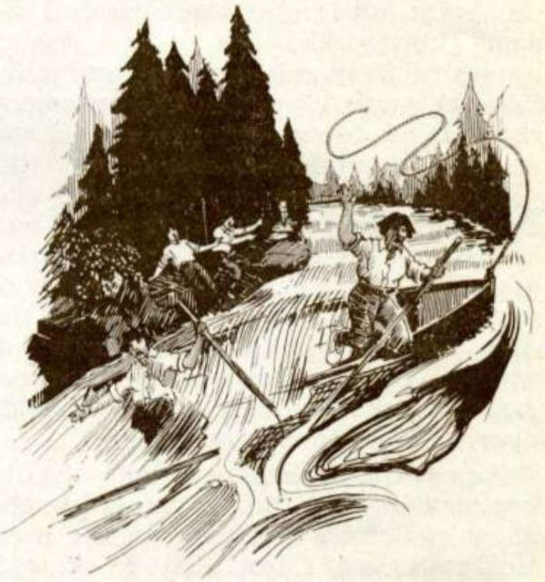
Two of the Indians were tracking the boat up the rapid while two others in the bow and stern of the skiff fended her off from rocks with their poles.

All went well until the bowman's pole suddenly broke in the middle as he was fending the boat off a submerged rock in the centre of the rapid.

Instantly the skiff swung around, struck the rock and capsized, spilling the two shrieking Indians into the water and nearly jerking the men on the bank off their feet.

The luckless pair were swept over the rapid and both landed some fifty yards below on a sand bar—extremely frightened, but with the exception of some bruises and an overdose of water, unhurt.

The skiff, however, which contained all our provisions, had been washed to the foot of the rapid, and by the force of the water had been jammed between two rocks. Our food, guns, ammunition and everything else were at the bottom of the rapid.



Luckily we had some matches and an axe, and immediately built a fire, by which the two men dried themselves.

There we were, in a trackless wilderness, without any food, ammunition or blankets, and no human habitation within at least a hundred miles.

Worst of all, the skiff was apparently irretrievably damaged.

It was now getting dusk and to make things worse it commenced to rain. We sat around our fire silent and gloomy.

Finally, having nothing better to do, we threw ourselves on the ground to snatch what sleep we could.

I was wearing a blanket capote, which very soon got partly soaked by the wet.

I had slept fitfully for about three hours when I awoke.

Everything was in blank darkness, and it had turned very cold, so I gathered together the embers of the fire and by blowing on them caused them to burst into flame.

I must have fallen asleep, for when I again awoke there was no sign of the fire. I became aware, however, of a pleasant sensation of warmth in my back which seemed to increase in intensity. As I became fully awakened I noticed a rather pungent smell, resembling that of burnt cloth.

Suddenly by the *extreme* warmth of a portion of my back, I became aware of the fact that I was lying amongst the ashes of what had been the fire, and that almost the whole of the back of my capote had been scorched out. Needless to say I lost little time in throwing off the spoiled garment, and rolling in the grass. Even the Indians when they awakened and saw my woe-begone appearance, and observed that an important portion of my trousers were missing, burst into fits of laughter.

Presently I went down with one of the Indians to examine the skiff and we discovered that the rain of the previous night had caused a slight rise in the river, which had dislodged the skiff and carried it on to the sand bar. We waded out to the bar, after calling the others, and hauled the canoe up on the shore. It was badly strained and damaged but we immediately set about repairing it as well as we could, calking it with pieces of our clothing and pitching it with spruce gum.

Luckily, in the evening one of the Indians observed a box bobbing about in an eddy close to the shore, and by means of a rope tied round his waist, in case he was washed off his feet, waded out, secured it and brought it ashore. Imagine our delight to find that the box contained about three pounds of hard tack, and a two-pound tin of molasses, which was the property of one of the men, he having made this purchase at York Factory. We slept more contentedly that night, having two biscuits apiece for our supper, the first we had eaten for about thirty hours.

By evening of the following day we had sufficiently repaired our skiff to permit of launching it for a trial. Though it leaked very badly, our success surpassed our expectations, and we started off early next day in great spirits. Progress, however, was very slow, as, though one man was kept continually baling, the water gained steadily so that we were forced to put ashore about every half hour, tip the water out and re-embark again.

Finally we camped one night at what was practically the last of the long series of rapids and finished our biscuits.

Starting early the following day and working hard we arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon at the edge of a large lake. At the first point in the lake the Indians put ashore and one of them disappeared into the bush. He was absent about five minutes when he returned, carrying over his arm a fish net which it seems they had cached there on their way down to York Factory.

We decided to camp close to this spot for the night and to set the net in the lake in the hope of securing something for supper, as we had not eaten since the previous night. In the evening we hauled up the net and were lucky enough to get three whitefish and two jackfish.

As we had no kettle (having used a birch bark bucket that we made to bale the boat out with) we were forced to "ponask" the fish on a pointed stick before a bright fire. Although we had neither pepper nor salt, the meal was quite appetising. For two days we continued, now through a network of lakes, occasionally sailing by hoisting a capote in the bow on a couple of crossed sticks, and had it not been necessary for us to coast the shore owing to the boat leaking so badly, we should have made good progress. On the afternoon of the fifth day after the accident we beheld an Indian wingwam nestled in the spruce trees of the shore of a bay, so made for the shore.

Passing a considerable amount of "jerked" meat on a stage, I entered the wigwam and glanced around. I beheld the head of the family, his wife and about half-a-dozen youngsters, most of whom—with the exception of the youngest member of the family who was strapped in a "moss bag"—were smoking contentedly or were romping over one another, whilst the mother was busily engaged mending a net. After we had all shaken hands and partaken of a friendly smoke a large kettle of tea was brewed and a great pile of smoking moose meat and bannock was placed in front of us, whilst the "lady of the house" mysteriously extracted from the depths of a *stocking* a few lumps of sugar, with which I was presented as a special favour.

Here we were fortunate enough to procure a birchbark canoe, and, having purchased a quantity of moose meat, continued our journey in a better frame of mind.

In a few days, upon suddenly rounding a bend, we came in sight of Oxford House. As Ashton Alston (who was in charge at the time) came down to meet us he could not resist a broad smile at my condition of *deshabille,* for I stepped from the canoe very sunscorched and unshaven, wearing the sleeves and shoulders of a capote and the lower extremities of a pair of trousers.

The Land of Silence

(Continued from last issue)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

AND luck still favored him. The fellow chose as a spot for his operations the ground quite near to where the concealed watcher stood. In fact there was no need for the latter to change his position in the least in order to see all that went on. Standing deeply imbedded in a snowbank at the back of a group of small spruce trees he could have stretched out his hand and touched the workman had he been so disposed, so close was he to the scene of action. So, after all, Miner had little cause for satisfaction or to smile. But he was ignorant of this and therefore continued smiling.

After a while he slipped his fingers in his vest pocket and pulled out several small pieces of paper which in appearance greatly resembled those given him by Alec MacDonald. To be sure, one small piece of paper greatly resembles another small piece of paper and these may have been, after all, something of an entirely different nature. Be that as it may, their possession, whatever their nature, undoubtedly gave the man an extraordinary amount of satisfaction. Uncrossing his legs, he dropped his eyes to the papers and began spreading them out on his knee, smoothing each with what seemed to be almost a caress, and all the time his lips were moving in the manner of one who speaks slowly but with no audible utterance. What he was saying in that silent and mysterious way I know not; but if one watched his lips closely one could almost imagine that he was repeating over and over to himself the words which Rogers, the Hudson's Bay clerk, had said to him that day in the store. Again and again he went through the process of smoothing out the papers, and all the time his lips were moving in unison.

Suddenly his face took on an expression of malice, of sly purposeful malice, and he chuckled as if exultant at the prospect of some speedy revenge.

CHAPTER VII.

The Inspector Makes Hay.

Blake enjoyed the MacDonald hospitality for a few days, then moved into his quarters at the camp. Though Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, who were becoming genuinely fond of him, urged him to remain as their guest, he insisted on departing.

But though he was no longer quartered in the house it must not be supposed that the Chief Factor's abode ceased to see him. All his time outside of his police duties was spent with Marjorie. The two were to be seen together daily: taking snapshots of the things of interest and rare antiquity about the Post; scouring the muskegs for ptarmigan; or, when the whim took them, having an uproarously good time on a toboggan slide, scooting down the steep bank of the river as if shot out of a gun, and toiling up the side track to get a fresh start. The young couple enjoyed this like two school children, and I must confess that in their headlong career Blake steadied the girl a good deal more than was necessary, a fact which she in the flutter of excitement scarcely seemed to notice. The sedulous but not fussy care was doubtless as pleasant to the gentle girl as it was intended to be. Marjorie was captivating enough at all times but toqued and sweatered, snowsprinkled, with cheeks aglow and her beautiful eyes sparkling like twin diamonds, she was bewitching.

But as much as he enjoyed the out-of-door pastime, it was the long evenings in the sitting room that Blake looked forward to with the keenest anticipation. There they would spend hours side by side at the piano and his heart would beat wildly and his frame tremble at the nearness of her. And later when he returned to camp he would sit in the seclusion of his quarters and ponder over the events of the day: seeking to find in some act or word a hint that he had won the girl's heart.

As for Marjorie, the inspector's attentions were not only delicate, but assiduous and had their effect on the young girl. His gentlemanly ease and his complimentary deference, which pleased without at all disconcerting, were points in his favor and then his knowledge of the world and intimacy with a thousand things hitherto known to the girl only as productions of another realm, gave him a great advantage with the Chief Factor's daughter.

Blake could talk intelligently upon a great variety of subjects and was something of a wit and humourist besides. On one occasion the conversation turned upon music.

"It must be nice to know enough about music to be a critic," sighed Marjorie. "I wish I did."

"So you do," said the officer.

"But I don't know anything."

"That's enough," said Blake, gravely.

There was a general laugh.

"What!" cried Mrs. MacDonald, "and music so complicated a science!"

"Music may be a science," said Blake with a twinkle in his eye, "but writing about it is a dodge, and one dodge is worth three sciences any day in the week—that is, of course, if you know how to work it."

"I don't understand—" began Marjorie.

"Listen, and I'll make you a musical critic in three words." The officer paused, searching his memory for something he had read somewhere. He found it in a moment and proceeded: "Call all times 'movements'; never say anything is correctly played, but 'conscientiously interpreted'; whenever you hear a slow air, and then a quick one, lug in a sentence about a 'largo' and a 'cabaletta'; write as much about 'diatonics,' 'major-fifths' and 'chromatic intervals' as you please, because nobody but fiddlers and pianoforte teachers know anything about them. If you want to do the severely classical, you can always talk about some old Dutchman of the name of 'Bach,' who wrote fugues; sneer at anyone who writes lively melodies, as a quadrille composer; and say good-naturedly that of course Auber and Bellini are very well in their way. Then, as to vocal music, take care you don't get confounding mezzo-tintos with mezzo-sopranos, for that is awkward. But be sure, when a *debuntante* comes out, to be great upon the quality of the tones of the upper or lower 'register'—don't forget that word—nor 'flexibility' either—nor 'wiry'—nor 'timbre.' Never call a voice a voice, but always an 'organ'; and above all, and here's half the secret of musical criticism in a word, make it a solemn rule never to conclude an article without complaining that the brass drowned the stringed instruments, and finding fault with the conductor for taking the time of the adagio 'too fast,' or the allegro 'too slow'."

This remarkable piece of enlightenment was received with bursts of laughter, in which, after a moment, the speaker joined.

At another time it was evening, the whole family were gathered in the sitting room and the topic of conversation was old country sports, and on this subject the multifariously informed inspector was equally well at home.

"Describe the English, if you will, as a shopkeeping nation, or a roast-beef-eating nation, their proper definition," said Blake, "is a horse-racing nation. England alone worships with unbounded devotion at the shrine of the turf. In some countries racing is a passion, but in England it is at once a rage, a fashion, a science, an art, a trade. Men give up their lives to it. Men study it as they would study an abtruse branch of philosophy. The turf has its representatives in every place and degree of their social system. It has its calendars, its journals, its handbooks, its guides!"

"Tell us about the Derby, Blake," suggested MacDonald. "You are an Englishman and doubtless know all about it."

"I was at Epsom on more than one occasion," Blake admitted modestly.

"Them, tell us about it," boomed the Chief Factor.

Blake assented with a nod.

"To-day, then," he began, "is the Derby day. Every bridge leading from Middlesex to Surrey is a highway of that grand procession which marches annually from London to Epsom Downs. That long jolting, rattling, glancing, glittering train of equipages which could be poured forth by no city of the earth save London. There are shoutings and yellings of rival charioteers, plungings and lashings of frightened and infuriated steeds, gibes and jokes, and flying chaff handed from pedestrian to equestrian, launched from coach to landau, and caught up by van and donkey-cart and the heterogeneous mass of wheeled things rolls on in one long column of dust, noise, smother and excitement to the course."

He rose swiftly to his feet.

"We take our positions on the Downs." He paused and an eager light filled his eyes, and as he proceeded he seemed to forget his surroundings; in imagination he was once more at Epsom gazing down the course which stretched like a bright green riband between two masses of breathless human beings. His words came swiftly, clearly, not in the voice of Blake but of an actor.

"Hark! there goes the saddling bell. And here come the horses one by one before the grandstand. The crowd pushes and hustles in their eagerness to see and criticise. A loud shout proclaims the appearance of the Favorite. They are away to the post. In a dead hush of expectation we await the start. Faces are preternaturally pale or preternaturally flushed. Everybody is on tiptoe—everybody pressing forward, everybody looking toward the same point, the famous Tattenham corner. All at once a throb passes through the crowd. They're off! There is a moment of noisy turmoil. A cluster of horsemen are seen at full gallop dashing over the ridge of the eminence to the right and a mighty murmur rises into the summer air. The racers are careering towards us, in a cluster it seems, and the universal murmur rises and swells into a loud hoarse roar. Voices frantic with excitement shout and scream their hopes and fears: 'White and Blue! White and Blue! The Favorite! The Favorite does it! No, Red! Red leads! Hurrah! Red! Red! Where's Green? Where's Yellow and Black? The Favorite! My God! Where's the Favorite! The Favorite's beat! Where's Green! Here they are! Red, Red does the trick! Red in a walk! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' And amid one loud universal, roaring shout, the careering horses shoot past us at a speed which makes our eyes dazzle and our brains to whirl."

Abruptly he stopped, then slowly:

"It is over—the Derby is lost and won!"

The tension which had held the company was relaxed.

"Well done, Blake," boomed the Chief Factor. "You had me all strung up."

"I'd like to see a horse-race," said Alec, who had taken a lively interest in the recital.

Blake turned to Marjorie.

While he was speaking her eyes had never left his face. "Thank you," she said, impulsively offering her hand.

Finding Marjorie in the house alone one afternoon, Blake approached her and said, with a smile:

"If you have nothing particular to do, I shall be obliged if you will accompany me to the Indian church. I want a picture of the window—the gift of Lady Franklin—and the sun is right."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered the girl readily.

And then in a few minutes she had on her hat and with an elastic step was walking by the side of her companion over the open spaces around the buildings.

Rogers watched the passing figures from the store window. "Poor Bob Armstrong!" he said to himself. "What a home-coming it will be! Poor Bob!"

Strangely enough, Bob's name was at the same moment on Inspector Blake's lips.

"Bob Armstrong will be home soon?" he was saying as unconcernedly as he could.

The girl's eyes shone with a sudden brightness.

"Yes. Very soon!" she said quietly. "He is in his last term at college and has already passed. I won't risk telling you what examination as I am no good at these things and should probably get the name all wrong."

She is longing for his return, thought Blake.

"You are fond of him?"

"Very," replied the girl frankly. "We all are. Dear old Bob!"

Suddenly there was a tremendous clamour. During their conversation they had approached an Indian wigwam which stood on the bank of the river and a pack of dogs that looked more like living skeletons than anything else rushed at them, barking furiously. It would certainly have been impossible to have brought together in any part of the world a more motley set of half-starved curs. The inspector and his companion stood still and each seized a stick to defend themselves against any attack from the animals. But suddenly five or six half-clothed children appeared in the midst of the dogs, throwing at them sticks or pieces of wood they snatched up, with such success that the howling troop scattered in all directions, with their tails between their legs, leaving the passage free for Marjorie and her escort.

"What a strange people they are," remarked Marjorie, looking back towards the Indians who had gathered at the wigwam door to watch them. "They will never become civilized. Mother has often tried to reclaim the girls. She took them quite young, and they offered no objection to being dressed, and they did all their work, in a way, with great punctuality; but as soon as they attained a certain age they could not be restrained; they threw up their work and returned to the bush, taking with them everything we had given them," she added lugubriously.

"Still your mother has a native servant maid," observed Blake with a smile.

"There are exceptions to the rule, of course," explained Marjorie. "Besides, we hardly look upon Little Song as an Indian. She was brought up at the Post, you know, and educated by the missionary. Her father is one of the most intelligent men of his race, clever of eye and hand; and her mother is scrupulously clean and, what is more remarkable in an Indian, ambitious."

"What astonishes me most," said Blake, "is what quantities of food an Indian will manage to swallow at one sitting; I have actually seen their stomachs swelling like bladders undergoing the process of inflation. They give themselves up to the enjoyment of a meal as greedily as if a similar repast was in sight for them the next day."

"They are very improvident," said his companion.

"They are shiftless, improvident and cruel," said Blake with unexpected warmth.

"Cruel!" repeated the girl, regarding the man with astonishment.

"Yes," insisted the Inspector, "cruel and merciless, for they pursue and kill frequently only for the sake of pleasure—a whim, the excitement of the moment. No living thing is too insignificant to afford a target for their guns. With them it is ever kill! kill! kill!"

"Yet the Indian has his good side," declared the girl, undaunted. "My father has often been staggered by discovering traits among them which were as mysterious as they were amazing."

"Scientists and others who have travelled the Indian country and had dealings with them have denounced them as the most worthless and contemptible of the human race, and my experience has taught me to accept this view."

"That is not a nice thing for you to say," the girl rebuked. "I have not been among any other tribe of Indians but I do know the Cree Indian, the York Factory Indian, and he is not as he is painted. In fact the white man is often ten times blacker in the same surroundings."

The man shot a quick look at her.

"I can't quite understand why you defend them," he said a little nettled.

"I am not defending them," said Marjorie with perfect good humour. "I only suggest that there is good in them. We apply our standard of right and justice to them and the poor people invariably get the worst of it."

They walked a few steps in silence, then:

"Forgive me," he said. "I didn't know you felt as strongly as all that. If I have hurt your feelings—."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Marjorie, "We came out for a walk and have got to squabbling."

At this they both laughed.

Turning to him with a smile presently: "As a matter of fact," she asked mischievously, "are not you a hunter—a relentless hunter of men?"

"The point is well taken," said Blake gravely. "And to carry the hypothesis further, are we not all hunters? Some in pursuit of this, some in purpuit of that—all hunters of prey in this life?"

The girl's dancing eyes grew abruptly grave.

"That is quite true," she told him. "It did not strike me that way before."

"In the cities, in particular," her companion continued, "men are always in pursuit of gain, and nothing else. They neither care for life nor health in their everlasting struggle to reach a step on the ladder higher than that on which God has placed them."

"But here," breathed the girl, "here in the wilderness, we are happy with so little—our small efforts suffice to satisfy our modest wants."

"But are you really happy here, Miss Marjorie?" asked Blake. "Do you find in this wilderness all that the heart of a young girl can want?"

"Yes, I am happy," answered Marjorie with a smile, "or I should be guilty of the failing you have just censured. I was born and brought up here. I have had an education of sorts. If I am ignorant of the usages of the outside world I have a bowing acquaintance with the classics. Mr. Armstrong, who is a great scholar, taught me all he could." She paused, then: "Yes, I am happy," she went on musingly. "The country is a wilderness, but it is my country and I love every bit of it: I love its traditions, its Indian legends and fantastic stories; its immensity and awe-inspiring silence; its mighty rushing rivers and its restless, tempestuous bay; its long winters of storm and blizzard and its many hours of glorious summer daylight. It is a country of red-blooded men; a country in which only the fittest survive—it is *my* country! And I am happy wanting no change for myself. But I feel uneasy that my brother should remain in such a wilderness. I am unhappy that he should not learn what civilization requires. I am, moreover, uneasy that daily he should be exposed to the dangers of an idle life, and if I really cherish a secret hope it is that some day my mother may be persuaded to part with him and that he may go and make his way in the world."

"And you? Some day you will turn your back upon this for good and all?"

The girl looked at him quickly.

"What makes you think so?"

Blake was a bold lover, he longed to ascertain the state of Marjorie's heart and convinced this favorable opportunity would possibly not recur, he resolved to risk the girl's displeasure and put his mind at rest.

"Because you are not by any chance going to marry a missionary."

It was done and no mistake. The audacious man waited for the explosion which would have been perfectly excusable in Chief Factor MacDonald's daughter—but it did not come.

The girl's eyes opened wide at the man's bold audacity. Then suddenly her laugh rang out as clear as a bell.

"That remains to be seen," she said. "Bob has not asked me yet—that is not for a long time." She suddenly checked herself with a blush.

"Does that mean—" Blake seized her hand and was drawing it, in spite of the coy struggles of its possessor, towards him.

Suddenly the sound of a cough was heard behind them. Both looked round and Blake unconsciously let go her hand.

Corporal Watson appeared before them, clicked his heels, saluted smartly and stood stiffly to attention.

I am afraid Blake thought things of Watson.

(To be continued)

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